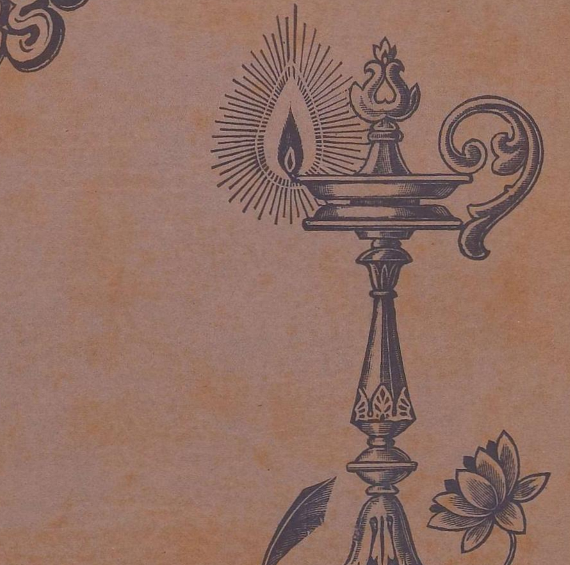
The Kumbakonam College Magazine



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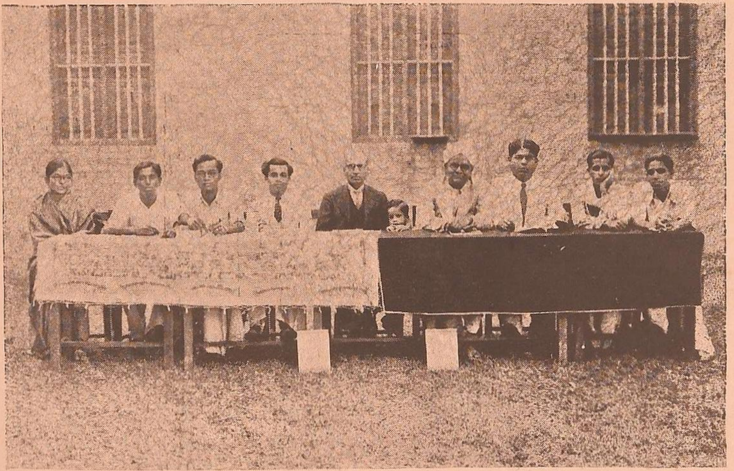

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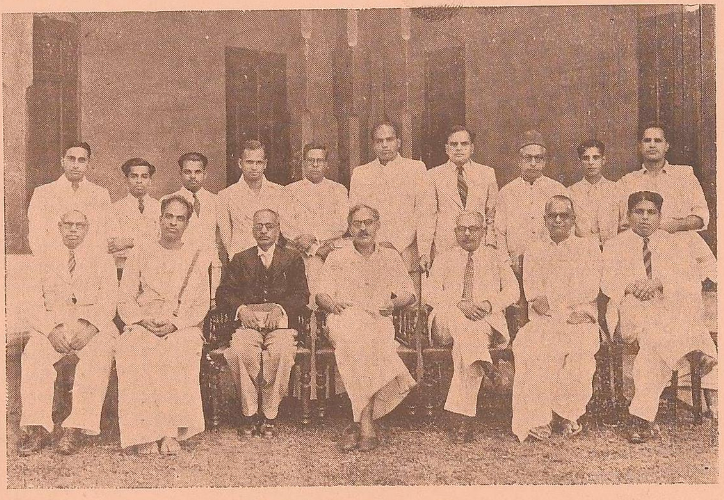

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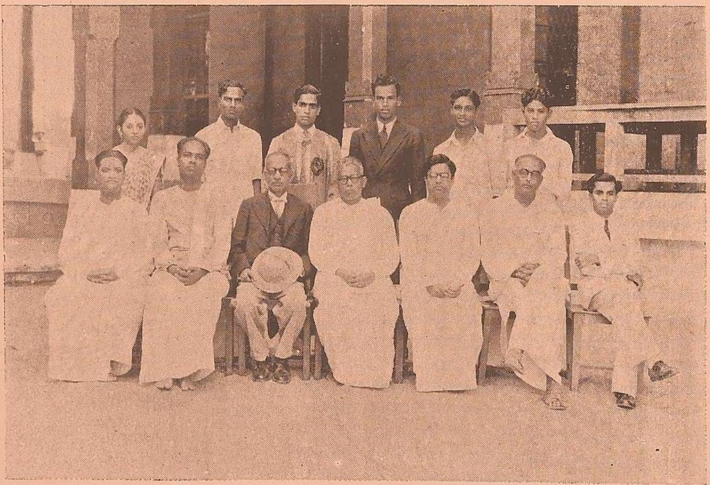

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புது மாணவர் நல்லுரை.

[கல்லூரித் தலைவர் திரு. து. நமசிவாயம் அவர்கள் கல்லூரிப் பேரவையின் சார்பில் 17-8-49-ல் நிகழ்த்தியது.]

கல்லூரிப் பேரவையாளரே, உடனுறை ஆசிரியர்களே, மாணவர்களே!

இந்தக் கல்லூரியின் அரிய பல சிறப்பியல்புகளில் புது மாணவர்க்கு ஆற்றும் சொற்பொழிவும் ஒன்று. இந்த வழக்கம் நீண்ட நாளைக்கு முன்பே இக்கல்லூரியில் தொடங்கிக் கடந்த எல்லா ஆண்டுகளிலும் இது ஒழுங்காகத் தொடர்ந்து நடந்து வந்திருக்கிறது. இது வரவேற்கத் தகுந்த ஒரு சிறப்பு மிகுந்த நிகழ்ச்சி என்பதில் ஐயமில்லை. முன்பெல்லாம் இந்தச் சொற்பொழிவு ஆங்கிலத்தில் நடைபெற்றது. சென்ற ஆண்டில், இது தமிழில் நிகழத் தொடங்கிற்று. இனிமேல் தொடர்ந்து இதைத் தமிழிலேயே நடத்த எண்ணியிருக்கிறோம். இளமாணவர் வகுப்புகள், தொடங்குவதற்குச் சற்று முன்புதான் இச்சொற்பொழிவு இதுவரையில் நிகழ்ந்து வந்தது. மாணவர் தொகை பெருகிக் கொண்டே வருவதால் அவர்களைக் கல்லூரியில் சேர்ப்பது முற்றுப்பெற, தவிர்க்க முடியாதபடிக் காலதாமதம் ஆகிறது. மேலும் இப்பொழுது ஒலிபெருக்கியின் உதவிகொண்டே பேசவேண்டியிருப்பதால் கல்லூரிப் பேரவையின் சார்பிலேயே இவ்வுரை நிகழவேண்டியதாய் விட்டது. எனவே, பேரவையின் திறப்புவிழாவிற்குப் பிறகோ அல்லது அதன் தொடக்க உரையாகவோ கால வசதிக்கு ஏற்றபடி இந்நல்லுரையை நாம் இனி ஆற்றிக்கொள்ளுவது அவசியமாக இருக்கிறது. கல்லூரிப் பேரவையின் திறப்புவிழாவைத்தொடர்ந்து இவ்வுரை இவ்வாண்டில் நிகழுகின்றது. இச்சமயத்தில் புது மாணவர் எல்லாரையும் இந்தப் பண்டைப்புகழ் அமைந்த மன்றத்திற்கு மனமார வரவேற்க மகிழ்ச்சி அடைகின்றேன்.

புது மாணவர்களைக் கல்லூரி வாழ்வில் செலுத்திவிடுவது தான் இவ்வுரையின் தலைமையான நோக்கம். உயர்நிலைப்பள்ளிகளில் இருப்பதைவிட இங்குக் கல்லூரியில் அதிக சுயேச்சை இருப்பதைப் புது மாணவர்கள் இதற்குள் உணர்ந்திருப்பார்கள். ஆனால் முதலிலேயே உங்களை முக்கியமாக எச்சரிக்கவேண்டியது என்னவென்றால், ஒழுங்குக்குக் கட்டுப்படாத ஒரு சுயேச்சை, கட்டாயம் பெருங்குழப்பமாகவே முடியும் என்பதாம். எனவே கல்லூரி வாழ்வில் அமைந்த மிகப் பெருஞ் சுயேச்சையை நீங்கள் நுகர இன்னும் மிகப் பெருங்கட்டுப்

பாட்டுக்கும் ஒழுங்குக்கும் உட்பட்டவராக உங்களை, நீங்களே ஆக்கிக்கொள்ளவேண்டும். இதிலிருந்து இன்னும் ஒரு முக்கியமான குறிப்பையும் உங்கட்கு நான் கூற வேண்டியிருக்கிறது. உயர்நிலைப்பள்ளிகளில் மாணவர்கள் மீது ஆசிரியர்கள் ஒழுங்குமுறையை எப்பொழுதும் சுமத்துகிறார்கள். ஆனால் கல்லூரியிலோ உங்கள் மீது நீங்களே ஒழுங்குமுறைகளைச் சுமத்திக்கொள்ளவேண்டும். தனிப்பட்ட சிலரை வேறுவிதமாக நடத்தவேண்டிய கட்டாயம் எற்படும் வரையில், கல்லூரியில் எல்லா மாணவரையும் மதிப்புமிக்க மாண்புக்குரியவராகவே வைத்து நடத்துகிறோம். ஆதலால் உங்கள் மீது வைக்கப்பட்ட நம்பிக்கைக்குத்தக நடப்பது உங்கள் பொறுப்பு என்று நீங்கள் உணர்ந்து நடக்கவேண்டும்.

இளைய மாணவர், மூத்த மாணவரைத் தங்கள் வழிகாட்டியாகக் கொள்ளவேண்டும். எனவே இளையவரை ஒழுங்காக நடத்திச்செல்வதோடு அவரைத் தவறான நெறியில் செலுத்தாமலிருக்கும் பொறுப்பு மூத்தவரைச் சார்ந்ததே. இப்பொழுதைய மூத்த மாணவர்கள் கல்லூரியின் பெயரையும், புகழையும் பல துறைகளில் மேம்படச் செய்திருக்கிறார்கள். இதுபற்றி இளைய மாணவர்கள் அவர்கட்குக் குறிப்பாகப் பெரிதும் நன்றி செலுத்தவேண்டும். திரளான கூட்டங்களும், பல புது மாற்றங்களும் இக்கல்லூரியில் பெரும்பாலும் நடக்கமுடியாதவை என்று கருதப்பட்ட ஒரு காலத்தில் அவர்கள் இங்குவந்து சேர்ந்தனர். தங்களுடைய உண்மையும், நேர்மையும் உள்ள, அறிவுக்கு ஒத்த பணிகளைக் கடுமையாக மேற்கொண்டார்கள். இதனால் அடிக்கடிப் பெருந்திரளான கூட்டங்களும் பலவகைப் புது மாற்றங்களும் நடப்பது இப்பொழுது முடிந்திருக்கும் உண்மைகளாக ஆகிவிட்டது. இந்நிலையில் இவ்வாண்டு இளைய மாணவர்களாகிய நீங்கள் வந்திருக்கின்றீர்கள். கல்லூரியின் பல பெரு நிகழ்ச்சிகளுக்கு எல்லாம் உங்கள் மூத்தோர் வகுத்திருக்கும் அடிப்படை, உறுதியும், தெளிவும், அழுத்தமும் கொண்டது என்பதை எற்றுக்கொள்ள நான் மன மகிழ்ச்சி அடைகின்றேன். எனவே இளைஞர் முன்பு உள்ள பணியோ மிகவும் தெளிவானது. இவ்வுறுதியான அடிப்படைமீது புகழமைந்த மேற்கட்டிடத்தை அவர்கள் இனிக் கட்டவேண்டுவதே மேற்கொண்டு அவர்களுக்கு உள்ள வேலை. இவ்வாண்டு, கல்லூரிப் பேரவையின் தேர்தல் நடந்த முறையினையும் கவனித்தேன். எல்லா மாணவருடைய பொது நடத்தையையும் உற்று நோக்கினேன். நோக்கியதில் இளையோர், மூத்தோர் என்ற இரு வகையான மாணவர்களையும் மன உறுதியுடன் நம்பமுடியும் எனத் தயக்கம் அறக் கூறுவதில் பெரிதும் மகிழ்ச்சி அடைகின்றேன். மேலும் தங்கள் மீது வைத்த நம்பிக்கைக்குப் பொருந்த, அவர்கள் ஒருவரோடு ஒருவர் உண்மையில் ஒத்துழைப்பார்கள் என்று எண்ணுகிறேன்.

இது அரிய பெரிய அறிஞர் பலரைத் தோற்றுவித்த ஒரு பெருங்கல்லூரி. “தென்னிந்திய கேம்பிரிட்ஜ்” என்று இக்கல்லூரி போற்றி அழைக்கப்படுகிறது. கல்வி மேன்மையிலும், உடல் வளத்திலும் இக்கல்லூரியின் பெயரை நிலைநாட்டத் தங்கள் மனதில் உறுதிகொள்ளும்படி, இங்கு என் முன் கூடியுள்ள எல்லா மாணவர்களையும் கேட்டுக்கொள்ளுகிறேன். வளமான உடம்பில் நாம் வளமான உள்ளத்தை வளர்ப்போமாக. அறிவு வளர்ச்சியைப் போற்றுவதுடன், உடல் ஆக்கத்தையும் விடாமல் கவனித்து, வளமான உடம்பில், வளமான உள்ளம் படைத்த ஆண்களையும், பெண்களையும் நாம் தோற்றுவிக்க வேண்டும். இன்று நாம் விடுதலை பெற்ற ஒரு இனத்தவராக இருப்பதால் வளமான உள்ளம்

வேண்டும் என்பதைக் குறைத்துச் சொல்லாமலேயே வளமான உடம்பு வேண்டும் என்பதைச் சற்று அதிகமாக வற்புறுத்தினால் அதில் தவறு ஒன்றும் இல்லை. இந்தக் கல்லூரியின் பேரும், புகழும் படைத்த அறிஞர் வரிசையில் இன்னும் பல அத்தகைய சிறப்பு வாய்ந்த ஆடவர், பெண்டிர் பெயர்களையும் நீங்கள் உங்களிலிருந்து சேர்க்கக்கூடிய இன்பநாளை நாம் உண்மையிலேயே காண்போம் என்று நான் எதிர்பார்க்கிறேன்.

இப்புது மாணவர் உரையில் எதுவும் நிரம்பச்சொல்ல வேண்டுவது என் கடமையல்ல. பொதுவாகக் கல்லூரி வாழ்வில் சாரமாக உள்ளவை, குறிப்பாகக் கல்லூரியின் வரன் முறைகள் ஆகியவற்றைச் சுருக்கமாகக் காட்டினால் போதும். இவ்வுரையை முடிப்பதற்கு முன்பு நான் உங்கட்கு வற்புறுத்திச் சொல்லவேண்டியது, நீங்கள் இந்தக் கல்லூரியின் மேல் ஆசையும், பெருமையும் கொள்ளவேண்டும் என்பதே. இக்கல்லூரி உங்கள் கல்லூரியே. இவ்வாசகத்தின் எல்லாக் கூறுகளையும் ஆராய்ந்து அதன் முழுத்திறத்தையும் நீங்கள் அன்புடன் கண்டறியவேண்டும். இந்த வழியில் செயலாற்றுவது உங்கட்கு மேன்மேலும் கைவருமானால் இந்தப் பழைய கலைக்கூடத்தின் தகுந்த உறுப்பினர்களாக நீங்கள் ஆவது உறுதி. நீங்கள் அனைவரும் கூடுமான வழியில் எல்லாம், எல்லாத் துறையிலும், எப்பொழுதும் ஒருவரோடு ஒருவர் உண்மையில் ஒத்திருந்து பணியாற்றும் உணர்ச்சியைப் பெறப் பாடுபடவேண்டும். பட்டால், உங்களிற் பலர் சுதந்திர இந்தியாவிற்கு அழியாதபுகழைத் தரவல்ல விஞ்ஞானிகளாயும், இராஜதந்திரிகளாயும், வீரர்களாயும் விளங்குவதை எதிர்காலம் காட்டக்கூடும். என் முன்பு கூடியுள்ள உங்கள் எல்லோருக்கும் இதனை அறிவுறுத்தி இந்த நல்லுரையை முடிக்கு முன், இத்தகைய வெற்றியுறும் உங்கள் நன் முயற்சிகள் யாவற்றிலும், எனது உடனுறை ஆசிரியர்களும் நானும் இரவோ, பகலோ, எந்நேரத்திலும், கூடுமான எல்லா வழியிலும், பழம் பெருமைகொண்ட இக்கலை மன்றத்தில், நீங்கள் கல்வி பயிலும் காலம் முழுவதும், உங்கட்குத் துணைபுரிந்து மனமுவந்த உதவி செய்வோம் என உறுதியாய்க் கூறுகின்றேன்.

The Address to the Freshmen

(Delivered in Tamil by Sri D. Namasivayam, Principal, on 17—8—1949 under the auspices of the College Union)

Mr Speaker, My Colleagues and Students,

The Address to the Freshmen is one of the many unique features of this College. This practice was introduced in this College very long ago and continued all these years systematically. It is no doubt a welcome feature. Previously it was delivered in English. Last year Tamil was introduced for this Address. It is now proposed to be continued in Tamil hereafter. Hitherto the address was delivered just before the Junior Classes commenced work. With increasing strength there is inevitable delay in completing admissions. Further the need for using a microphone makes it necessary to deliver this address under the auspices of the

College Union. Hence it can now be delivered subsequent to the Inaugural Meeting or at the Inaugural Meeting itself of the College Union, according to circumstances. This year the Freshmen Address follows the Inaugural Lecture of the College Union. I am glad to take this opportunity to welcome heartily all Freshmen to this historic institution.

The main purpose of this address is to initiate the new students into the College Life. The younger new-comers must have realised by now that there is a lot more of freedom in the College than in the High School. But let me caution you at the outset that freedom without discipline is complete chaos. Hence to enjoy the greater freedom of the College you must necessarily subject yourselves to the greater self-discipline required in the College. This takes me to another important point. In the High School the teachers constantly impose the discipline on the pupils but in the College the students are expected to impose this discipline on themselves. In the College we treat all the students as gentlemen until we are compelled to treat individual cases otherwise. We trust you a great deal. It is therefore up to you to justify this trust placed in you.

It is the duty of the Juniors to take guidance from the Seniors. Hence it is incumbent on the Seniors to lead the Juniors but not to mislead them. The Juniors of this year must be particularly thankful to their Seniors who have enhanced the name and fame of the College in many ways. They came in at a time when generally crowded meetings and many innovations were considered as almost impossible in this College. By their sincere, honest, rational, hard work they have given to you a time when frequent crowded meetings and several innovations are accomplished facts. They have laid the foundation for a great many activities of the College and I am glad to acknowledge that they laid it on sure, sound and solid basis. The task before the Juniors is very clear. They must build on this firm foundation a glorious superstructure. This is the task ahead for them. Having watched the conduct of the College Union Elections this year and having observed the behaviour of all the students so far, I have great pleasure in saying unhesitatingly that I can confidently trust both the Seniors and Juniors before me and hope that they will earnestly co-operate with one another to live up to the trust that is placed in them.

This is a great College which has produced eminent scholars. This College is called the "South Indian Cambridge". I therefore ask all the students assembled here before me to-day to make up their minds at once to justify this name both on the academic and on the physical side. Let us build a sound mind in a sound body. Let us produce great men and women sound in mind and sound in body. Now that we are a free nation, it will not be wrong if we place a slight extra emphasis on sound body without any loss of emphasis on sound mind. May I therefore earnestly look

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

by Sri L. Rajagopalan M. A., B. T.

Speaking about Swami Vivekananda recently, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru observed: "If you read Swamiji's writings and speeches, the curious thing that you will find is that they are not old. It was told fifty six years ago and they are fresh to-day because what he wrote or spoke about, dealt with certain fundamental matters and aspects of our problems or the world's problems..... He was no politician in the ordinary sense of the word and yet he was, I think, one of the great founders of the modern national movement of India and a great number of people who took more or less an active part in that movement in a later date drew their inspiration from Swami Vivekananda. Directly or indirectly he has powerfully influenced the India of to-day. And I think that our younger generation will take advantage of this fountain of wisdom, of spirit and fire that flowed through Swamiji...... I can tell you that many of my generation were very powerfully influenced by him and I think that it would do a great deal of good to the present generation if they also went through Swamiji's writings and speeches .. There was fire in his heart—the fire of a great personality coming out in eloquent and ennobling language. He was putting forth his heart and soul into the words he uttered. Therefore he became a great orator not with the orator's flashes and flourishes but with a deep conviction and earnestness of spirit."

[*Continued from the previous page*]

forward to the happy day when you will add illustrious names of men and women to the list of distinguished alumni of this well known College?

My duty in the Freshmen Address is not to tell much but to indicate briefly the essentials of College life in general and the tradition of this College in particular. Before I conclude let me impress on you the need to love with sincerity and devotion and to take pride in this Institution. This College is your College. Please realize the full force of this statement in all its aspects. With your increasing realization in this direction you are sure to become the worthy members of this ancient Institution. I conclude by exhorting all those assembled before me to work hard in the true spirit of Service, co-operating sincerely with one another in every possible way in all matters at all times so that the future may reveal in you scientists, statesmen and soldiers who will bring lasting glory to the Free Indian Nation. In their efforts to achieve this I sincerely assure all the students that they can always depend upon the earnest help of my Colleagues and of myself at all times, day in and day out, in all possible ways, throughout their stay in this ancient Temple of Learning.

Narendranath (as Swamiji was originally called) was born in 1863 in Calcutta in a well-to-do and noble *Kshathriya* family. His parents were noted for their pious and hospitable disposition. Naren was a bright looking, strongly built, mischievous but lovable young lad and so, naturally, a leader of his boy companions in all their youthful activities. While he was an under-graduate of about 18 years in college at Calcutta, he heard about Bhagavan Ramakrishna, the great spiritual Leader whose mystic activities and compassionate spiritual solace offered to hundreds of people crowding at his cottage, were then the talk of the day everywhere. Narendranath, (as it has been usual with many English-educated Indian youth) doubted the authorities of the Vedas and even questioned the existence of God. But he had a great thinking mind and never shut the doors against reason and imagination. He went to Sri Ramakrishna out of curiosity and asked him earnestly " Where is the God of whom you talk incessantly ? " Sri Ramakrishna, in a tone born out of deep conviction, quite calmly and smilingly replied, " I see Him before me face to face but in a more intense sense than that in which you see ". Narendranath was quite struck with this courageous reply and soon became very curious to hear more and more from the saint. Bhagavan Ramakrishna in turn was much impressed with this bright-looking youth and soon determined to make him his chief disciple. Naren's visits to Sri Ramakrishna became very frequent. He was then not married and his father died about that time. He freely chose the line of action for himself. He left his house and joined the band of Sri Ramakrishna's disciples. He drank at the feet of his Master for about five years. This period was one of intensive study for him. He pored over the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Gita and other great philosophical works of saints like Sankara, Ramanuja and others. With a great open mind he perused the Holy Koran, the Holy Bible and the scriptures of many other religions. With great avidity he studied Western Science and it is said that he had digested all the volumes of the Encyclopaedia Brittanica. In the end he was convinced that the *Brahma Vidya* or the knowledge of the *Paramathman* was the supreme of all kinds of knowledge and he soon pledged himself to spread the Vedantic principles among mankind and to strive for the spiritual emancipation of all. It was then he assumed the name Vivekananda (" One whose bliss is knowledge ") He received the orders of a Sanyasin from his Master. Soon after his Master left off his mortal coils, he began his intensive wandering on foot throughout India.

He travelled on foot from the Himalayas to the Cape Comorin, sometimes walking days and nights together. One night he would be staying in the palace of a Maharaja and the next night in a humble cottage of an outcaste on the road. Wherever he went, he was received

with open arms and with spontaneous love and veneration by people who gathered round him, fascinated by his serene personality, and received his blessings and words of comfort and solace. He went on observing the masses of India. He was much depressed by the spiritual and economic deterioration that had set in generally. He was much pained to note that the people in general were far away from the ideals of the Upanishads and that the great Indian heritage was lost among them. His heart bled at the tyranny and arrogance with which the so called untouchables were treated by many. He shed tears to see the so-called custodians of the Vedic Religion, having lost sight of the substance of their religion and clinging only to its shadow and skeleton, insisted on untouchability and betrayed their poor brethren into the hands of the fanatics of other religions. He soon determined with firmness and emotion to work for the renovation and rejuvenation of India and restore her to her pristine glory.

In 1893 a world-wide fame awaited Swami Vivekananda and the occasion was the Parliament of Religions held at Chicago in America. Invitations went to all countries for sending delegates representing the various religions practised there. From India some religious institutions like the Brahmo Samaj and the Arya Samaj sent their delegates. Swamiji was then at the city of Madras and he represented no such institution. But the admiring citizens of Madras felt that there could not be a better exponent of Hinduism and they made a splendid effort to send Swamiji to the Parliament. Soon enough money was voluntarily subscribed by the people to provide for the voyage of Swamiji and a religious institution in Madras called him their representative as required by the Parliament. He set sail for America and arrived there some considerable time prior to the opening of the Parliament. With the help of some University Professors there he toured some major cities of America and was struck by the scientific and economic splendour of the country. His opinion was that if the world was to advance, it should aim at a harmonious blending of the spiritual perfection of the East with the economic one of the West.

On the opening day of the Parliament, all the delegates were seated on a dais and the audience consisted of thousands of the choice and elite of America who evinced great enthusiasm in the deliberations of the Parliament. Swamiji, even before he delivered his speech attracted the admiring attention of all by his beaming countenance, majestic form, his saffron turban and long coat. His turn came. He went to the rostrum. He had not prepared his speech like others. He began thus: 'My Sisters and Brothers of America'. This simple and the most sincere of all forms of address evoked such a spontaneous admiration among the audience that there was a thunderous applause from the whole audience lasting for about three minutes. The very form of

address brought victory to Swamiji's cause. He then delivered a short introductory speech. On succeeding days of the Parliament he gave learned discourses on Hinduism. His speeches were most impressive and moving and they offered great spiritual refreshment and intellectual treat to the American audience. Swamiji was easily conceded as the Hero of that Parliament. Soon his fame spread like wild fire throughout America and the whole of India felt a tremendous pride at the achievement of this Divine Hero who pointed out the greatness of the Upanishads and who raised the prestige of India before the whole Modern World for the first time.

He spent three succeeding years in America. This was the most active period of his life. He delivered lectures to ever-inquisitive audiences, held regular spiritual classes and wrote books on Vedanta and the various Yogas. People were powerfully moved by his sincere speeches and many Americans became his devoted disciples and co-workers. He never criticized Christianity or Islam or any other religion. Though he glorified Vedantic Philosophy, he never once attempted religious conversion. He wanted all Christians to remain Christians and to be better ones. He wanted all Muslims to remain Muslims and to be better ones. He stressed on the basic principle which is the same for all Religions, namely, the individual search after the Ultimate Truth and a self-effort to more and more of Perfection. He founded a number of Asrams in America and trained a number of workers like himself for the spread of Vedanta. He then visited England and other countries of Europe. He successfully delivered his message of Universal Philosophy as contemplated by the Upanishads.

He returned to India in the year 1897 like a triumphant hero after his victories. Now the whole of India was eagerly awaiting to receive their Hero. Swamiji landed in Colombo. From Colombo in Ceylon to Almora in the Himalayas his journey was one of a huge procession of mankind. Millions and millions gathered round him at every stage to have the *Dharsan* of the Heroic Monk whom they had the privilege of seeing in flesh and blood. He established Asrams at Almora, Belur and other places. Hundreds of earnest people joined these institutions and have done commendable work both for themselves and for mankind. Swamiji started the Ramakrishna Movement which has grown from strength to strength and which is doing useful work in various directions now.

Swamiji was not merely a mystic but was intensely patriotic. He was pained to see the economic backwardness and illiteracy of the Indian masses. He formulated fine plans for the educational and economic improvement of our country, which formed the basis of Gandhian Methods He always laid stress on the spiritual background without which no improvement would be enduring. To him religion was not a question of accepting certain principles but it was a question of

[*Continued on next page.*

THE DOG - FANCIER

by U. Rangarajan, IV B. A., IV b/S

(With apologies to the dog-loving memsahibs of Connaught Circus)

I don't know much about the thing called dog, except that when one end of the quadruped barks the other end wags. More often, the end that barks is capable and guilty of a hasty bite, as I have learnt from personal experience.

To my mind, this so-called 'pet' is a bally nuisance; and yet there are chaps, lots and lots of them, who fawn on these canine quadrupeds.

He is a funny creation, the dog-fancier. His heart has no room for sympathy for less well-placed fellow-men; but it is let free of rent and everything found for the weedy specimen, that does nothing but lick the plate clean without a word of thanks. The way he fondles his pet amuses you at first and then, you give way to a feeling of pity that the fellow should waste his valuable life on feeding and rearing a filthy animal. But most of my friends are fanciers! They don't walk out a leash; whomsoever they meet must be given, unasked, a bloodline of their darling and its manifold virtues. "Oh you simply can't but love Micky!" This is to the accompaniment of a rub along the nozzle of his cocker. "He is such a dear!" "You haven't seen him ferret out rats in the house." "He is after them like a V-2 squib and in a wink, the thing's done."

[*Continued from the previous page*]

being and becoming. Religion was to him a great incessant practice and not mere talk. He advised his countrymen to cultivate the spirit of renunciation and the ability to control the roving senses. He wanted all Indians to develop strong bodies with muscles of iron and nerves of steel. He pointed out that India's strength lay in her spirituality; the moment Indians lose sight of the individual attempt at spiritual perfection, India's doom will be sealed. To him education meant the manifestation of the perfection that is already within us, and so his motto has been "Arise, awake and stop not till the goal is reached!"

Swamiji's activities in various directions during the short space of about ten years, were greater in volume, endurance and potential usefulness than the work that a good number of people can collectively accomplish in 100 years. He predicted that he would not live to see the age of forty, and in 1902 when he was 39 years old, he went to Eternal Rest in his Asram at Belur. But Swamiji's spirit ever lives in its youthfulness and it has already worked wonders in thousands of people. His spirit lives and remains fresh in his fiery messages, learned discourses, spirited letters and moving conversations. Luckily for mankind his life has been written in detail in two big volumes and his works are recorded in seven volumes by his disciples.

But the advertised specimen is a queer specimen. His saucer-shaped eyes are anything but sparkling, and alertness is conspicuous by its absence. Even while his master is delivering a panegyric on him to yawn and sprawl across the road to have a good bite at the calf-muscle of a passer-by the master is wasting his breath talking fractious track-notes about the dozing animal.

Dogs are of many kinds, but the only striking thing about them is the endless varieties they represent. To begin at the beginning, there is the thing called the Pakinese, not much taller than the threshold of a door-frame, that scampers inside like a timorous rabbit at the sight of an outsider. His bark, at least they say it is a bark, sounds like a hiccup. You end by pitying the poor thing for even this exertion; and for such a grand performance he earns his daily dose of bones and biscuits. The stocky-built Dackhshund looks another fellow with an eye of a scientist. I have not heard him bark, but I have seen enough of him and his grotesque physical make-up to pass him unmolested.

But Cockers are really the finest of the species, I admit. They are beautiful, with their glassy coat and stumpy tail. The other day, my dear friend told me that his cocker had stalked a cheetah, but I left him before he could find time to realize that he had made a mistake and really meant a tiger!

There are types galore, but to mention only a few outstanding specimens, you have the huge and terrible-looking Alsatian, the coy Airedale, the Retriever and the vast Terrier family. I can expatiate on this endless catalogue, but I don't wish to incur the displeasure of the fanciers, who are a very touchy sort. It is not safe to write the worst about them, especially, when you have to spend your days in the midst of chaps whose only motto in life seems to be to rear a pack of these sinister animals and teach them to clear the gate and nibble the calf-muscles of the unfortunate passer-by. The proud owner runs to the gate, not to call his hound back, but to gaze gleefully on the funny sight. By the time you are able to make good your escape, you find that the best portion of your brand new panama trousers has been bitten off. Thinking about dogs, one thinks, of kind GOLDSMITH'S ELEGY on the death of a mad dog. The good man of ISLINGTON had a good friend in a dog. The dog went mad and bit the man and every Christian thought that that man would die. No, Sir, he was not to die. He recovered, and the dog died! Believe me, once a doggie fixes his nozzle to your pants, he fixes it for good and releases the grip only after carving out at least four square inches of the fabric. *Thus he teaches you that a barking dog can also bite.* A man was running fast in the street and a barking dog was following. A good friend said, "Why man, the dog barks and barking dogs don't bite?" The running hero panting for breath, threw this answer into the air! "Why, Sir, I know barking dogs don't bite but does the dog know it, Sir?"

They say a dog is a fine pet, and a good companion; a good hunter, a good guard, and a fine helper in the Front. I say he is a nuisance, and I shall go on saying it till I, like the rest of this funny world, become a member of the dog-loving species.

A Farce.

ADAM'S CHAT WITH HIS FATHER

by K. Narayanan, IV B. A.

Place: *Heaven*

Time: *Evening*

God is seen seated on this throne.

Enter Adam in the best tweed suit and felt hat.

God: Good morning, Adam. What are you blankly looking at? Don't you recognize your father?

Adam: Which Father?

God: Your Father in Heaven.

Adam: Good Heavens! Am I in Heaven! Where the devil the Mosquito has carried me!

God: Why? Have you the trouble of Mosquitoes even on earth?

Adam: Why? Yea, but I mean a variety of plane.

God: Where is Eve?

Adam: On the eve of our departure, she dressed herself to the best and marked off for a dance...Oh! she is mad ... ...

God: What, Eve is mad?

Adam: No, no, she is mad after dance, Daddy.

(God shrugs His shoulders. Adam sighs)

God: Well, what about the forbidden fruit and the mortal world?

Adam: Which fruit, Daddy?

God: Oh! Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit of the forbidden tree whose mortal taste brought death into this world and all our ... ...

Adam: Oh! Just a minute ... Yes, that is all dead and gone.

God: What, then, the news from the world?

Adam: As pleasant as ever.

God: But I heard from Raphael of that great Atom bomb.

Adam: That is nothing, Daddy.

(God adjusts his eye-glass and looks seriously at Adam)

Oh! That is nothing. For what is Atom—a number of electrons and protons—a mesh of electricity undulating into nothingness!

God: How then is world politics? These devils of Angels, they seldom bring news you know!

Adam: World politics! ... eh! ... a play of chess. Red communists prey in China. In Jerusalem people lived in cannon's mouth till yesterday. The dead rat of Hyderabad Issue is still preserved in the U. N. cold storage. There is still the Dutch clutch in Indonesia. In Hague they agree to disagree. Pakistan, the champion of Azad Kashmir condemn's Holland (It is not for the pot to call the kettle black, however!) America and Russia ... ... one hooks upon the other. By the by, what do you think of Russia, Daddy?

God: It is all plague. They are all atheists, man. They said Karl Marx is a good soul. He came to Heaven. But he began to play the same old game. "Proletariat of the Heaven! Unite! You have only your chains to loose and the heaven to gain!"—and all that. 'The Angels' Union' was formed and I was

threatened of a strike; so I sent him to hell.

(The face of God becomes red with anger and Adam changes the topic for fear of 'Divine Wrath')

Adam: And the United Nation's Organization, Daddy ?

God: And what about that ?

Adam: It is all fuss and its watchword is delay.

God: And have they no remedy ?

Adam: But the remedy is worse than the disease. Where there is no will there is no way. You cannot make a silk purse out of the sow's ear, Daddy.

God: Such things, in these days when people proclaim from the house-tops "Democracy! Democracy!"

Adam: Democracy! It is not worth two pins. It is the last refuge of cheap misgovernment and who is it that said, "The world is a majority of fools"? "Learning will be cast into mire and trodden under the hoofs of swinish multitudes," said Burke, and he is right. Men who are rich in learning and honesty are poor in number.

God: Haven't you men of conscience in politics ?

Adam: Conscience! Conscience has as much to do with politics as modesty with women. There are, of course, one or two exceptions. But it is majority that counts in a democratic world! These politicians on the election day are as kind as kings on the coronation day. Then they work their private ends through parliamentary cock-fighting.

God: What about their promise at the poll ?

Adam: Why ? That is left in the rat hole.

God: Society must put a stop to that, Adam.

Adam: Society is rotten at the core. Daddy, Society has one thing prominent and that is prejudice. It has sectarian prejudice, communal prejudice, provincial prejudice and so on ranging upto continental prejudice. Europe thinks Asia is backward and dreams about the devil of colonization. I remember a saying like, "Love, thy neighbour as thyself," heard somewhere. But hatred and selfish aim reign supreme ... ... and I'm afraid Eve may have come home by this time.

God: So you say, Adam, you have no joy by your married life?

Adam: Matrimony! To whom has it brought joy ? It is only the "sale of my birth-right."

God: I told you, Adam, even at the very outset not to eat ... ...

Adam: Yes, Daddy, yes. But wisdom comes too late.

God: But you cannot ... ...

Adam: No, I cannot condemn woman altogether. You know that I had the utmost love for Eve and ate death to live with her. A woman's purpose is neither hers nor mine but Nature's, ... I beg your pardon, God's. It would do well to relate to you what Bernard Shaw has told me once. He said, "The purpose of the whole Universe is embodied in a woman. A man is nothing but an instrument to the purpose. You might say that she takes tender care of us. But as a soldier takes care of a rifle or a musician his violin. They tremble

when we are in danger and weep when we die. But the tears are not for us but for a father wasted and a son's breeding thrown away."

God: A shrewd observation! Is Shaw a bachelor?

Adam: No, he is married. That is why this explanation. May I take leave, Daddy?

God: Surely. This plane flies away the distance? This ... ... what did you call this?

Adam: Mosquito.

God: Indeed a marvel of science, Adam!

Adam: But the advance of science has only increased the number of highly destructive weapons. Man is made more brutal than the cannibals of old, for all the boasted brain he has.

God: Only religion can rectify these organic wrongs, Adam.

Adam: Religion is no better, Daddy! Religion is turned into rebellion and faith into faction and people attend church for purposes other than prayer.

God: Don't they hold confession parade? Don't you confess your sins, Adam?

Adam: I am on the safe side. I confessed more sins than I ever committed. I have a phone-connection to the church, you know.

God: Have the people no morality, honesty, virtue, integrity and all that?

Adam: None of them, Daddy. At best, perhaps, they have no hygiene.

God: What about their souls? Don't they care for their souls?

Adam: Soul! They would sell it for a mess of pottage.

God: Then, what is, after all, their aim and motive?

Adam: 'Every man to be rich at all cost and every woman to be married at all cost'. It is Pope who said,

> 'Get place and wealth, if possible,
> with grace;
> If not, by any means get wealth
> and place!'

(*God is shocked to hear this*)

God: Pope, a religious head, preaching this ... ...!

Adam: No, Daddy, I mean Alexander Pope, a writer.

God: Say that, Adam, say that. So people at least believe in me.

Adam: No, I can't say that. They have no time to think of it. This is the age of knowledge and reason! They want to know the definition of God before they would consider. A modern saint observed that to "Define God is to deny Him," and so that is that. Excuse me, Daddy, it is high time for the play. I must to the theatre.

God: What play, Adam?

Adam: Shaw's Devil's Disciple.

(*God shrugs his shoulders. Exit Adam*)

God: I cursed them out of Eden for their disobedience; now they do not even care for me. I feel like cursing them back into Eden.

[*Curtain falls*]

THE GLANDS OF PERSONALITY

by Sri V. Ramamurthi, M.A., A.I.A.R.I.

We all know that the central nervous system in men and higher animals controls and harmoniously correlates the various activities of the body and enables the animal or man, as a whole, to respond to an event affecting even a part of the body. However, there are organisms which do not possess a nervous system as such, and yet their manifold activities are so harmoniously correlated. So it is certain that the central nervous system cannot alone be the only method of co-ordination. There is, as the army is integrated by transport, a chemical method of co-ordination through the second great communicating system of the body—the circulatory system, exercised through the agency of the chemical messengers, "the hormones", which, in turn, excite the various organs of the body to action. The action may be as sudden as the contraction of the blood vessels or prolonged for many years and may be speeded up or retarded by an excess or deficiency of the hormone concerned. The organs that possess in a high degree the ability to form the hormones are the endocrine organs or the glands of internal secretion.

Just as the nervous system we inherit influences our personality so, too, will the endocrine organs. In fact, they are the 'glands of personality' and some of them markedly influence the very physical personality of organisms. Some even speak of them as the 'glands of destiny' suggesting that we inherit our endocrine make-up which stamps our personality for good or bad. But we should not take it for granted that a type of personality accompanying a gland disturbance is the direct result of that disturbance. For example, lack of secretion of the pituitary gland makes the individual rather dwarf. Generally dwarfs are aggressive, exhibitionist, arrogant and even perky. These characters are not directly due to the lack of secretion of a particular specific hormone but is purely a play of the environment on the dwarf. If the individual is brought up in more sympathetic surroundings or even among dwarfs, may be his character is altogether different. Thus a boy may have a face like a monkey's due to the over-activity of a certain secreting endocrine organ of his body. At school, he is nicknamed 'monkey'. If he resents, well, he is unpleasant and unsocial. If on the other hand, he does not care, it might make no difference at all. The various secretions of the endocrine organs maintain a balance which, when upset, gives rise to definite symptoms and these symptoms and the environment, in turn, influence the personality of the individual.

Bordeu, a physician at the court of Louis XV, was perhaps the first who stated that 'each organ of the body is the workshop of a specific substance that passes into the blood', and he believed that if any one of these substances, was wanting or in excess, the harmony and the poise of the body suffered. This guess of Bordeu proves to be very correct. The word 'hormone' or 'chemical messenger' for these secretions

was perhaps first used by Bayliss and Starling who discovered that a flow of pancreatic juice took place after every meal although the nerve-supply to the pancreas was severed. Naturally the stimulus must have reached the pancreas through the blood stream which stimulus, they later found, is really a specific secretion formed in the duodenum and passing into the blood and to the pancreas by circulation. They christened this new-found internal secretion 'a hormone'.

Among the glands of internal secretion, are the thyroid, parathyroid, the pituitary, the thymus, the suprarenal bodies, the ovarian and the testicular bodies and the pancreas. All of them have some influence on the personality whether direct or through the result of environment.

The thyroid is a classical example of a gland influencing personality. If the thyroid of a tadpole is removed, the unfortunate creature will not develop into a frog If thyroid extract is added to the water in which he lives, it resumes growth in the normal way. If a normal tadpole is given extra thyroid in his water, the development is speeded up enormously. The thyroid, composed of 2 lobes, lies on each side of the trachea just below the larynx. It is highly vascular and is supplied with sympathetic nerves. Until recently it was regarded as an organ of no importance which could be dispensed with. Two Swiss surgeons encouraged by the progress made in anti-septic surgery, undertook the removal of the entire gland in certain cases of 'goitre'. The operations were successful but to their surprise, the patients developed strange symptoms. Their features coarsened, their skin became dried and wrinkled, they became apathetic, dull-witted and lost all initiative. Later when operations were carried out on animals, the experiments produced similar changes. Later it was discovered that the changes could be corrected by feeding the animals on dried thyroid glands. Sometimes children are born without thyroid glands. Such children never grow up, never acquire a personality above that of an animal. When the secretion of the thyroid glands, the protein hormone called 'thyroxine', is below normal or deficient, the patients are invariably backward, slow in learning, greatly sensitive to cold, and there is a general swelling of the body and the face becomes puffy. Supply of the dried thyroxine to such patients, effects a marvellous change. Medical literature is full of examples of the action of thyroxine, one specially noteworthy example being that of a woman whose treatment for thyroid deficiency began at the age of 65, when she looked like a bald and stupid old man, and who died 30 years later in her 95th year, the picture of a charming lively elderly lady.

When the thyroid glands sometimes enlarge, and consequently increase their secretions, the result will be an increased activity of the body metabolism. The patient becomes very active, at times over-active, anxious, emotional and tremulous. In extreme cases, where symptoms of goitre, are apparent, there is restlessness, insomnia, dissociation of thought, confusions and hallucinations and later it terminates in maniacal crisis. Over-activity of this gland may

thus transform a severe and placid personality into an extremely anxiety-ridden neurotic. According to Dr. Hoskins, of the Neuro-Endocrine Research, Harvard Medical School, one pinch too little of thyroxine spells idiocy, one pinch too much spells raving delirium. Here undoubtedly is a gland controlling personality. If one is born with a deficiency or over-efficiency, one's character pays the price.

The parathyroid glands, a pair of tiny structures half-buried in the thyroids, have some influence on the nervous and muscular systems of the body. The task of the parathyroids, however, is to maintain the calcium in the blood stream in a steady level. When this level falls low owing to the deficiency of the parathyroid, tetany, the state of neuro-muscular irritability results. The treatment for this is to inject calcium. When the parathyroid glands become over-active the calcium level in the blood is increased by actually draining calcium out of the bones. Consequently the bones become soft, bend or break following a slight injury.

The suprarenal or adrenal glands are situated on the top of each kidney like two small yellow glands. Each gland is composed of 2 parts, an outer cortex and an inner layer called medulla. The inner layer produces a hormone called adrenalin which has an effect of constricting the blood vessels and stimulating the sympathetic nervous system. Certain psychological conditions such as rage, fear, anxiety are caused by the adrenalin in the blood. We know less concerning the outer layer which, it is believed, produces a hormone which neutralizes the poisonous products of nitrogen metabolism. Its increased activity accentuates masculine sex traits both in young males and females. If a girl develops a growth in the adrenal outer layer, she loses many of her feminine characteristics and tends to develop those of the male. She develops moustache, beard and a deep voice! This can be cured by removing the growth in the adrenal outer layer.

The pituitary gland, another active organ with a number of secretions, controls and co-ordinates the activity of other endocrine organs. It is situated at the base of the brain being connected to it by a stalk. It is actually made up of an anterior and a posterior lobe discharging different functions. Many years of research have shown that the anterior lobe has a remarkable influence on growth and on the organs of reproduction and a stimulating effect on the thyroid. On its removal, formation of bone tissue is arrested, teeth do not erupt, sexual and mental development ceases. In other words, the removal of the outer layer produces dwarfism. If there is an over-activity of the gland in a child, there is over-growth and early sexual maturity. Sometimes the over-growth is local affecting only the head, hands and feet. This condition is known as 'acromelagy'. Endocrinologists associate temperamental characteristics with over or under activity of the pituitary gland. They have pointed out the massive supraorbital ridges, high cheek bones and noses of the great Victorians—Huxley, Darwin and others—and accredited them with increased pituitary secretion. Over-secretion (provisionally

named prolactin) seems to be accompanied by 'intensive living, courage, initiative and forcefulnes of character, whereas with waning of secretion, there is lassitude, timidity and failure.' Observations show that the pituitary gland has an influence upon personality. It may be that the change in personality is due more to the reactions of the abnormal person to a hostile environment than directly due to under or over activity of the pituitary. "He may be 'morose, disobedient, a liar and a thief' directly because his pituitary is not exerting a due influence or he may become so because he feels at a disadvantage in coping with affairs in a world of well-endowed folks". It is surprising that the gland is no bigger than a pea and yet it produces more hormones than any other endocrine organ and influences behaviour.

The action of the internal secretions of sex glands on the body has long been known; for castration was one of the oldest operations performed by man. By means of this, he has converted a bull into the placid ox, the virile bearded man into the fat, hairless, sexless eunuch. When the gonads are removed at an early age, the secondary sex characters are not evident. That the gonads influence physical development, and in a way the personality, has been known for centuries. Although the secretions of testes and ovaries are specific, it is surprising that both may be found in the body of the male and the female. This being so, it is not at all surprising that various forms of intersexuality are found. Every parent knows that a child's character changes remarkably at puberty. In a boy, the age of puberty is the time when he becomes aggressive, irrepressible and difficult to manage. This change is the result of increased secretion into the blood stream of the sex-hormones.

The pineal gland in man is a small solid organ projecting from the root of the brain. Although modern physiologists attach little importance to them, great mental and sexual precocity has been observed in boys whose pineal glands had been destroyed by tumour.

The endocrine organs thus give us examples of undoubted influence in determining our personality. Underactivity or over-activity of these glands in producing their secretions influences the general metabolism and harmony of the physical make-up on the personality. "It is difficult to have a dominating personality if one is dwarf and it is unlikely that a woman masculined by some abnormality of the suprarenal gland or of the gonads, could achieve a maternal character. No wonder that the endocrine organs are the 'glands of personality' which are potent in determining our personalities, although few would deny that much of man's personality depends on the make-up of the body he inherits."

PHILOSOPHY AND MODERN SCIENCE

by S. Kannan, II M. P.C/T

Primitive man found nature quite puzzling and intricate and he could not understand the world. Everything was astonishing to him. Everything was beyond his thinking capacity. He feared the Sun; he feared the Moon; he feared everything in nature. On the whole, life was a problem to him. His chief work was to defend himself from these supernatural beings, as he feared them, and to fill his belly. He lived like a germ in this vast Universe, unaware of the surrounding nature, unaware of the true principles of life and unaware of the reality. This puzzling nature created somewhat an awful sensation in him which led him to create so many gods and consider the changes in nature as belonging to the whims and passions of God. Not only the changes in nature but the changes in himself and in his ordinary life kindled the celestial fire. He grew older and older. Sufferings came to him. Diseases threatened him. Miseries followed him. At last death embraced him. This mortality induced him to think of immortality. What is stable in this world? From where do souls come to the world? Why do they come? Where do they go? What is this mystery of life? There must be some external power that makes these changes in nature. So man began to think and search out these powers and he dreamt these powers in everything that seemed supernatural to his mind. Places of worship he built. Great festivals he arranged. Offerings and sacrifices he gave. Yet the problem was not solved. But he was quite sure of at least one external power. Where was that? Was it in the Sun? Was it in the Moon? Was it in the Stars?

This was the origin of philosophy. The supernatural power seemed to him quite mysterious and elusive and different peoples in different places and in different times had different visions of this power. This power was adored in different ways and was called by different names. But these differences were not known among them as there was not much of communication and intermingling among them. Various systems of philosophies grew. To some it appeared that souls are identical with God, it is immortal, and it is only the body that has births, deaths and suffering. To some it appeared that man is born out of some sin and it is only by prayer and worship that he can again attain the state of oneness with God. To some it appeared that it is only God that is manifesting as all the living and non-living objects in the Universe but shrouded in ignorance and any man can attain that immortality and perfection by concentrating on the idea that his soul is not different from God. Thus philosophy developed into the science of the soul, and it relates to man's never-ceasing quest of the Supreme Infinity. But it also gave rise to various religions, dogmas, creeds and castes, and these were the causes of many battles and atrocities. In the Middle Ages fanatics reigned supreme and men fought for establishing religions and the supremacy of their indivi-

dual creeds But philosophy was not to be blamed. With the advent of science philosophy was put on a more rational and stronger basis. Science removed much of the superstitions and fanaticisms of man.

Here comes science. Science has very much helped to explain the mechanism of the Universe. It is science that brought humanity to its present position. From the life as a germ that early man led up to the life as a man that he leads now, it is science that led the way. Years after years, centuries after centuries, and ages after ages have gone by before we could make a society quite new and excellently civilized. Our command over nature has grown by leaps and bounds. There was a time when man wondered at everything such as the Sun, the Moon, rivers etc. But now we have measured the Universe; we have even contracted the world. We are told that one hundred millions is an under-estimate of the number of stars already photographed, though not more than ten thousand are visible to the naked eye. The diameter of our system has been guessed to be 3000 to 4000 light years, the velocity of light being 186,000 miles per second. Sir Isaac Newton established his law of gravitation. He explained how these enormous bodies which are bigger than even the Sun, exist in the vast sky moving in a proper fixed course without clashing with each other. It has been found that every atom is a miniature Solar System, with electrons in numbers which determine the nature of the element, whirling round a central nucleus. We know about the Sun. We know about the Earth. Scientific inventions have made life easy. Science has industrialized the world. We command Nature. We are masters of the world.

Science is sometimes charged with inducing a materialistic philosophy. This report can be heard in every village. They say that science established materialism. They assert that science is the cause of all terrible wars which last for years together almost destroying humanity. Added to this, the invention of the atom bomb has made a great agitation among these illiterates who blame science which has brought them so much comfort and ease in this world of pain and struggle. Finally these conclude by saying that science has come for the destruction of humanity.

But science cannot be blamed and it cannot be the cause of these complaints advanced by illiterates who have not measured the true value of science. Only a scientific eye can see the real virtues of science. Only educated men with deep knowledge can realize both sides. In no way can science help materialism. Only the pride that jumps out from the thought that we have attained all the miraculous powers with which we can master the world, can help materialism. But a deep study can wipe out such a pride. Secondly the world wars and the atom bomb are surely not the sins of science. Wars arise by our own mischief, the greediness and mutual hatred of nations. If we avoid hatred and falsehood our human race can be saved.

" The rise of science has undoubtedly filled mankind with a new vision of a new hope for and a new effort toward a better human existence than the world

has ever known in the past," writes Mr. Millikan, the great scientist. Science and philosophy have marched into the world pushing forth humanity to real brightness under the feet of God. We love God while the early man feared God. What did the Pagans do? They feared their innumerable gods and out of that fear they made sacrifices and festivals. But we believe in a single Reality and by the advanced science we have come to realize His immeasurable power and so we love Him. Science has changed that fear into a transparent love. This has begun when man invented the telescope. He studied the huge bodies, and his own Earth revolving round the Sun.

As science advanced he measured the distance of these bodies and their orbits. When Newton discovered the orbits and when he explained gravitational attraction and the mechanism of the Universe, was not the glory of the Almighty revealed? Almighty! What an enormous power He must possess to create and govern such innumerable bodies? Thus philosophy was strengthened by those scientific discoveries made by famous men like Galileo, Newton and Einstein whom humanity will never forget.

"It is enough for me," says the great scientist Dr. Albert Einstein, "to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect upon the marvellous structure of the Universe which we can dimly perceive and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature." A scientist's singular aim is to find out the truth, and scientific researches have resulted in showing the glory of the Omnipotent. We have seen the phenomena of radiant heat, light, and electric waves, and that electrons are both waves and particles. We have found out the mystery in the atom that it is an infinitely small nucleus arranged about which are 92 electrons (Uranium) each playing its appropriate role in a symmetrical system. Each atom is a miniature Solar System. See the intelligence in His thought over the vast Universe and the infinitely smallest atom! So materialism is not surely a sin of modern science. Dr. Robert A, Millikan proclaims: "A purely materialistic philosophy is to me the height of unintelligence." So we shall conclude by repeating that Science and Philosophy have marched into the world pushing forth humanity to real brightness.

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor. *O. W. Holmes.*

... ...

Those that study particular sciences and neglect philosophy are like Penelope's wooers, who made love to the waiting-women.

Aristippus.

... ...

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Shakespeare.*

கவியுள்ளம்.

J. M. உசேன் [நான்காம் வகுப்பு.]

'வாழ்க்கை, இன்பத்தின் இலக்கியமாகத் திகழவேண்டும். துயர்கூடாது, தோல்வி கூடாது. மகிழ்ச்சியும், வெற்றியும், மண்டி விளையாடவேண்டும்'—இது கற்பனை உலகு; அதிலே கவின்பெற்ற வாழ்க்கை. ஆனால் ...? கற்பனையும், காட்சியும் ஒன்றாகுமா? நினைப்பது ஒன்று; நிகழ்வது பிறிதொன்று; வாழ்க்கை 'இன்ப துன்பங்களின் ஒழுங்கு விகிதமற்ற கலப்பு' ('Unproportionate mixture of opposites'). எங்கும் துன்பம்; இன்பம் அரிது. துன்பத்தையும் இன்பமாக மாற்றவேண்டும். துன்பத்திலும் இன்பம் காணவேண்டும். எப்படி? கலங்கா உள்ளத்தினால்; 'இன்பம் விழையான் இடும்பை இயல்பென்பான்' என்ற மனநிலையினால்; இவற்றிற்கெல்லாம் மேலாகக் கவியுள்ளத்தினால். இயற்கையழகிலே ஈடுபட்டுக் கவலைகளைக் கணநேரமேனும் மறத்தல் கவியுள்ளத்தின் ஆரம்ப நிலை. 'உதய வெள்ளத்து உச்சியில் நீந்தவும், வண்ண மேகமாய் வானில் பாயவும், வானம்பாடியாய்க் கானம் பாடவும், தளைகள் நீங்கித் தாவிப்பறக்கவும், மீனின விளக்காய் மினுக்கிச் சிரிக்கவும், வானவிற்பாலத்து வான்கடல் தாண்டவும், ஆவன செய்வது கவியுள்ளம். இது அறிவுப் பின்னணிக்கேற்ப, கருத்துச்செறிவுக்கு ஏற்பக் கவினுற வளர்ந்து உலகு போற்றும் கற்பனை ஓவியங்களிலே காட்சி தருகிறது.

கருத்தளவில் இருக்கும் ஒன்றை உணர்ச்சி மயமாக மாற்றுவது கவிதை; அது உணர்ச்சிப் பெருக்கின் சீர் செய்யப்பட்ட வடிவம். 'அறிவு அனைத்தும் ஒழுங்குபட்டு ஒரு உருவமானால் அவ்வுருவினை இயக்குவித்து, அதற்கு உயிர்தரும் பேச்சும், அவ்வுயிரின் ஆத்மாவும் கவிதை. சில்வகை எழுத்தில் பல்வகைப் பொருளைச் செறித்து இனிது விளக்குவது செய்யுள்.

'கவிதை எழுதுபவன் கவியன்று; கவிதையே வாழ்க்கையாக உடையோன், வாழ்க்கையையே கவிதையாகச் செய்தவன், அவனே கவி' என்கிறார் ஜப்பானியக் கவியரசு. உள்ளத்தை வெளிப்படையாக, சீர்தளைகளுக்குக் கட்டுப்படாமல் தைரியமாகச் சொல்லுபவனே கவிஞன். அவன் எதுகை மோனைகளின் அடிமையல்லன்; சொல்லிற்கும், யாப்பிற்கும், இலக்கணத்திற்குங்கூட அடிமையல்லன். அவன் அவற்றின் தலைவன். கருத்தின் முதல்வன். தனியொரு உலகு சமைப்பவன். 'நிகழ் காலத்திற் படிந்த மகத்தான எதிர்காலச்சாயலின் கண்ணாடிகள் கவிகள்'. 'இரவு பகலாக எண்ணங்கள் தொடர்கின்றன. செவி சாய்ப்பான். தேவி எழுதென்றால் பணி செய்வதே அவன் கடன்' என்கிறார் லாங்ஃபெலோ.

கட்டுக்கடங்காதது கவியுள்ளம். கவிதைக்கு இலக்கணமுண்டு. ஆனால் கவியுள்ளத்திற்கு இலக்கணமில்லை. அதுகளங்கமற்றது; வெறுப்புநிலையற்றது; இயற்கையிலே இணையற்ற இன்பம் காண்பது; புதியதோர் உலகு செய்ய முயலுவது. அது குழவியுள்ளம். மென்மை மிக்கது. ஆனால் பொய்மையை, ஒழுக்கமின்மையைக் கண்டிப்பதில் அது இரக்கமற்றது. புயலும், மின்னலும் கவியுள்ளத்தில், இடம்பெறும். புரட்சி பூகம்பம் அங்கே புன்முறுவல் பூக்கும். கவியுள்ளத்திலே படைப்புச் சக்தியும், அறிவுத்திறனும் ஒன்று கலக்கின்றன. பணிசெய்து கிடப்பது கவியுள்ளத்தின் கடன்.

உலகக் கவிஞர்கள் அனைவரின் உள்ள நிலையும் ஒன்றே தான். காலமோ, தூரமோ கவியுள்ளத்தை மாற்றிவிட முடியாது. 'கிழக்கு வேறு — மேற்கு வேறு' என்ற

கருத்து பிறதுறைகளில் வேண்டுமானல் பொருந்தியிருக்கலாம். ஆனல் கவியுள்ளத்திற்கு இது பொருந்தாது.

கவியுள்ளம் வினேதமானது. அதற்கும் விஞ்ஞான உள்ளத்திற்கும் எல்லையற்ற வேறுபாடு. கவியுள்ளத்தின் அடிப்படை அன்புகொண்ட இதயம்; பின்னேயதின் இருப்பிடம் மூளை. கவியுள்ளத்தை ஆழ்ந்து அறிய முதலில் வேண்டப்படுவது 'அவநம்பிக்கையைப் புறத்தொதுக்கும் தன்மை' (Willing suspension of disbelief) மேலும் ஏன், என்ன, என்ற வினக்கள் கவியுள்ளத்திற்குக்கூடாது. அவை விஞ்ஞான உலகிற்கும், உண்மை உலகிற்கும் தான். எப்படிஎன்ற வினவே கவியுள்ளம் வேண்டுவது. உண்மை, பொய், நடக்கும், நடக்காது—இவற்றைப்பற்றி எல்லாம் கவியுள்ளத்திற்கு அக்கரை கிடையாது. 'எப்படிக் கூறப்பட்டிருக்கிறது?' என்பதுதான் வேண்டப்படுவது. (The What is indifferent to Poetry; it is the How that matters much).

கவிதை இயற்றுவதற்குரிய பொருள்கள் யாவை? இது சாதாரண உள்ளத்தில் எழும் வின. கவியுள்ளத்திற்கு இதைப்பற்றிக் கவலேயே கிடையாது. 'கடவுளேப்பற்றி, பெரியோரைப்பற்றிப் பாடுவோரே உண்மைக் கவிஞர்' என்று பிளேடோ கூறலாம். ஆனல் உண்மை அதுவன்று. உலகிலுள்ள பொருள் அனைத்தும் கவிதை இயற்றுவதற்குரிய பொருளே. கவிமணி தேசிகவிநாயகம் அவர்கள் கூறுவதைக் கேட்போம்.

'வண்டி அற்புதப் பொருளாம்;
வண்டி மாடும் அற்புதப் பொருளாம்
உலகில் எந்தப் பொருளும்
கவிதைக்குரிய பொருளாம்
உள்ளத்துள்ளது கவிதை,
'இன்ப உரு எடுப்பது கவிதை'

பல பண்புகளின் ஒன்றிய தன்மையே கவியுள்ளம். கவிஞன் கற்பனேயுலகிலே நீந்துகிருன்; இலட்சிய வாழ்க்கையைப்பற்றிக் கனவு காண்கிருன். அகிலத்தை அன்பு நோக்குடன் பார்க்கிருன்; புத்துலகு சமைக்க விழைகிருன். புரட்சி நோக்கம் அவன் கவிதைகளிலே மின்னி எழுகிறது. இயற்கையிலே ஈடுபாடு, குழந்தை எண்ணம், அன்பு, கற்பனே, புரட்சி எண்ணம், கனவு—இவற்றின் ஒன்றிய தன்மையே கவியுள்ளம்.

எங்கு நோக்கினும் அழகு; இயற்கையழகு. இயற்கை எழிலேக்கண்டு இன்புருதவர் யார்? 'மாசில் வீணை, மாலே மதியம், வீசு தென்றல், வீங்கிள வேனில், மூசுவண்டறை, பொய்கை' கூவிப்பறக்கும் களங்கமற்ற புட்கள், மங்கையரின் தீங்குயிற்பேச்சு-இவை இன்ப உலகு. அழகே இன்பம். நல்லழகு வயப்பட்டால் துன்பமில்லே.

கவியுள்ளம் காந்தசக்தி வாய்ந்தது. அற்பப்பொருள்களிலெல்லாம் அவன் அரிய கருத்துக்களேக் காணுகிருன்; கருத்தற்றதென்று பிறர் கருதும் பொருள்கள் கவிஞனுக்குக் கருத்துக் கருவூலங்களாகக் காட்சியளிக்கின்றன. நோக்குமிடமெங்கும் உயரிய உண்மைகளே, கவின்பெற்ற கருத்துக்களேக் கவியுள்ளம் காணுகிறது. உண்மை உலகில் கல்லும், புல்லும் பேசமாட்டா. ஆனல் கவியுள்ளத்திற்குக் கல்லும் கதை பேசும், புல்லும் புகழ்பாடும். கவிஞர் வாட்ஸ்வொர்த்திற்குப் 'புல்லிய பூவும் கண்ணீர் உகச்செய்யும் எல்லேயில் பொருளாய் விரியும்'. ஷேக்ஸ்பியரின் கருத்துப்படி 'ஓங்கி வளர்ந்த மரங்கள் கவியுள்ளத்துடன் உரையாடுகின்றன; ஆழ்ந்து அகன்று செல்லும் அருவிகள் அவனுக்கு அறநூல்கள் கற்பிக்கின்றன; மலேகள் அவனுக்கு மத அறிவை ஊட்டுகின்றன; எங்கு நோக்கினும் நலம் காணுகிருன்'. (Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything).

அழகின் உச்சநிலை அறிவையர்களிடம் என்று எமர்ஸன் கூறலாம், ஆனால் அழகின் உயர்நிலையைக் கவிஞன் எங்கும் காணுகிறான். மலை, மாநதி, கடல், கார்மேகம், அணிசெய்யும் விண், மலர், மோனம்—எங்கும் அழகு; எங்கும் இன்பம். 'நோக்கும் திசையெங்கும் இன்பம்; நல்லின்பம்; எங்கு நோக்கினும் அழகன்றி வேறெதுவும் கவிஞனுக்குத் தெரிவதில்லை. எந்த அழகைப் பாடுவது? எதை நுகர்வது? கவியுள்ளம் திகைத்து நிற்கிறது.

'ஏடெடுத்தேன் கவி ஒன்று வரைந்திட
என்னை எழுதென்று சொன்னது வான்
ஓடையும் தாமரைப்பூக்களும் தங்களின்
ஓவியம் தீட்டுக என்றுரைக்கும்!
காடும் கழனியும் கார்முகிலும் வந்து
கண்ணைக் கவர்ந்திட எத்தனிக்கும்
ஆடும் மயில் நிகர் பெண்களெல்லாம்உயர்
அன்பினைச் சித்திரம் செய்க என்றார்'.

கவிஞர் பாரதிதாசனின் கற்பனையோடியைந்த அழகுணர்ச்சியை இங்கே காணுகிறோம். இந்த உள்ளக் குழப்பத்திலிருந்து எழுவது தான் கவிதை. காணும் பொருள்கள் எல்லாம் உள்ளத்திலே இடம்பெறுகின்றன. நீண்ட நினைவிற்குப் பிறகு அமைதியிலே, இந்த உள்ளுணர்ச்சிகள் கவிதைகளாக வெளிப்படுகின்றன. (Emotions recollected in tranquillity).

அழகை அனுபவிப்பதிலே மூன்று விதம்: சாதாரண உள்ளம்; விஞ்ஞான உள்ளம்; கவியுள்ளம். பார்த்துப் பார்த்துப் பழகிப் போன காட்சிகளிலே சாதாரண மனிதனுக்கு எவ்விதச் சிறப்பும் தெரிவதில்லை. விஞ்ஞானி அழகை ஆராய்கிறான்; மலரைக்கண்டால் அதை இதழ் இதழாகப் பிரிக்கிறான். அழகை அழிப்பதில் அவன் இன்பம் காணுகிறான். அழகை உண்மையாக உணர்ந்து மகிழ்பவன் கவிஞன் ஒருவன் தான்.

நீலவானிலே மதி எழுகிறது. மாலையிலே மலர்ந்த மலர்களின் மணம் மெல்லிய தென்றலிலே கலந்து வருகிறது. மதியினைக் கண்ட விஞ்ஞான உள்ளம் ஆராய்ச்சியில் ஈடுபடுகிறது. 'மங்கிய கருமை மதியில் இருப்பதேன்? மண்ணுலக மனிதன் மதியில் வதிய முடியுமோ?' அவன் மதியை மறந்து மனக்கோட்டைக் கட்டுகிறான். கவிஞனைப் பார்ப்போம். இருளைக்கிழித்து எழுந்த மதி, 'நீலவான் ஆடைக்குள் உடல் மறைத்து நிலவென்று காட்டுகின்ற ஒளி முக' மதி எப்படியிருக்கிறது? பாரதிதாசன் பதிலளிக்கிறார்:- 'அமுதம் சிரித்தது போல், அல்லி விரிந்தாற் போல், மேல் சுழற்றி எறிந்த வெள்ளித்தட்டுத் தொத்திக்கிடந்தாற் போல், குறுட்டு விழியும் திறந்தது போல்' அது ஒளிர்கிறது. முழுமை நிலா விண்மேலே முளைத்தது எப்படியிருக்கிறது?

'பழமையிலே புது நினைவு
பாய்ந்தெழுந்தாற் போல...'

கவியுள்ளத்தின் உச்சநிலையை இங்கே காணுகிறோம்.

பாரதி மதியைக்காணுகிறார். அவரது உள்ள உணர்ச்சி பொங்குகிறது. 'மெல்லிய மேகத்திரைக்குள் மறைந்திடும் வெண்ணிலாவே'என்று அவர் வாய் முணுமுணுக்கிறது. மறைந்து ஒளிரும் மதியினழகை எப்படிப் புகழ்வது என்று அவரது உள்ளம் நினைக்கிறது. உள்ளத்தையும் மீறி எழுந்த உணர்ச்சி பாடுகிறது, —உன்றன்

மேனியழகு மிகைபடக் காணுவது
[வெண்ணிலாவே.

'மீனினங்கள் ஓடிப் பறக்கின்றன'. கவிமணி தே. வி. இதைக்கூர்ந்து கவனிக்கிறார். பிறகு வெள்ளி ஓடம் ஒன்று செல்லுகிறது. அதன் ஆற்றலினால் வானும் கடலாக மாறுகிறது. கவியுள்ளம் 'இந்த மாட்சியில் முழுகுகிறது'. மதியினழகிலேயே மூழ்கிவிட்ட கவியுள்ளத்திற்குக் கவலை ஏது? துன்பம் ஏது?

பரந்து கிடக்கும் எல்லையற்ற பெருங்கடல். அக்கடலின் நிறம் ஏன் நீலமாக இருக்கிறது? விண்ணின் நீல நிறம் கடல் நீரிலே பிரதிபலிக்கிறது; அதுவே காரணம் என்கிறது. 'மூலைக்கடலினை அவ்வானவளையம் முத்தமிட்டே தழுவி முகிழ்த்தலைக்' கண்டுகளிக்கும் கவியுள்ளம். ஆனால் விஞ்ஞான உள்ளம் அதை ஒத்துக்கொள்ளுவதில்லை. அது மேலும் மேலும் ஆராய்கிறது. அதன் பலன் "ராமன் விளைவு" (Raman Effect.)

குறள் நீதி வெண்பா.

1. கனக விசயனுங் கல்சுமந்தான் கண்டிரங்கத்
தன்னாவைத் தான்காவாத் தன்மையால்—எந்நாளும்
யாகாவா ராயினும் நாகாக்க காவாக்கால்
சோகாப்பர் சொல்லிழுக்குப் பட்டு.

2. கற்புக் கடவுளாங் கண்ணகியுந் தண்மதுரை
நற்பதியைத் தானழித்தாள் நாவினால்—பொற்புடையாய் !
தெய்வந் தொழாஅள் கொழுநற் றொழுதெழுவாள்
பெய்யெனப் பெய்யும் மழை.

3. புள்ளுற்ற புன்கண்ணைப் போக்குவான் தன்தசையை
உள்ளம் உவந்தீந்தான் உயிர்சிபியும்—தெள்ளியோய் !
மன்னுயிர் ஓம்பி அருளாள்வார்க்கில்லைத்
தன்னுயிர் அஞ்சும் வினை.

4. கும்பிடும் பாவனையாய்க் கொல்லவந்த பாவியையும்
நம்பிடுங் காந்தியாம் நல்லடிபோல்—அம்புவியில்
உற்றநோய் நோன்றல் உயிர்க்குறுகண் செய்யாமை
அற்றே தவத்திற் குரு.

5. கோவின்தன் கன்றினைக் கொல்லக்கொன் றான்மனுவும்
ஆவியின்நேர், தன்மகனை, ஆழியிலே—பூவியலாய் !
ஏதிலார்க் குற்றம்போல் தன்குற்றங் காண்கிற்பின்
தீதுண்டோ மன்னும் உயிர்க்கு.

6. மன்னுயிரை வெளவும் மறலியை வென்றே கணவன்
தன்னுயிரைப் பெற்ற தனிமகள் போல்—இன்னியலாய் !
ஊழையும் உப்பக்கங் காண்பர் உலைவின்றித்
தாழா துஞற்று பவர்.

7. ஆயாது கோவலனை அன்றொறுத்த பாண்டியனும்
வீயாப் பழியுற்றான் மெல்லியலாய் !—ஆயதால்
எண்ணித் துணிக கருமம் துணிந்தபின்
எண்ணுவம் என்பது இழுக்கு.

தமிழ் மாணவன்.

FROM SOB TO SMILE.

by J. M. Hussain, IV Class.

NAJMA:

It is just midnight, But I am not able to sleep. The soft cushions seem to hurt me. Through the window before me I see the heavy pall of clouds. Only a few stars are burning like pin-points of light in the depth of firmament. Beyond the garden wall are fields of ripening rice. 'The whole scene sleeps in the darkness like the vague embryo of some future creation.'

Alas! How does it reflect my life! Is it possible for me to recollect the sorrowful incidents of my life? Complete darkness prevails there. No light... no recovery possible. Nine months have gone. Nine months of my rosy spring, mingled with misery and melancholy, have vanished.

Would there be no dawn in my life? Would he not come back here to fetch me? But...... is it possible? Father feels proud that he has saved me from living ever with a man of ignoble family. To him family prestige is all. He is even ready to sacrifice the welfare of his only daughter at the altar of family honour. But why is he not able to understand how it affects the future of his young daughter? He would not send me back to my husband, the only real helpmate and solace I have in the vast universe. He thinks I am living in comfort and luxury. He may feel proud in purchasing for me saris and jackets, ornaments and toilets. But why is he ignorant that womanhood is not satisfied with all these things? There is something more, and only a woman can understand what it is and pity I have no mother.

He is writing to me to come to him. But my father is adamant. When once he decides, he decides for ever. But what is to be done? I know the wrath of my father. I know also the unlimited love my lord has for me. The days, we were flying in the sky of mirth, come back to my memory. Can I lead such a life once more? What can a *purdah* woman, constantly confined to her home, do?

My friends are going away one after another. Mum Taj has got married and gone away with her husband six months ago. I was amazed to see a new light beaming in her face all of a sudden. Salma who got married in the same month as I has given birth to a 'rogue.' I took him in my hands. He showed his mouth and laughed. The innocent and god-like touch of him! Nurjehan showed me the letters written to her by her husband. She is going to him tomorrow. But I...... I am desolate and desperate.

My heart aches with pangs of distress. I am still sitting in my bed. The cloud that has hitherto covered the waning moon suddenly parts a little. The sweet scents of newly blossomed flowers come down in the air. Lo! the plaintive notes of a bamboo flute are coming across the silence from the river bank. Birds are singing. Venus, the bright morning star,

illumines the Eastern sky. The charming 'Azan' call comes flooding the air from the mosque asking people to rise up for worship. After washing my face, I pray to Allah. The world is calm and beautiful. Would my life also be like this?

EBRAHIM:

Samad Sahib is becoming foolish nowadays. What is the use of his being the headman of the village? He is a learned man. He goes to the mosque five times a day without fail. He studies Quran incessantly. He performs all the duties which Islam has imposed. But to what effect? He is spoiling the life of a beautiful rose in full blossom, his only daughter. Is he not going to send her to her husband? The whole village speaks ill of him. But he is deaf. Poor fellow! He believes the fabulous story about the misconduct of the mother of Siraj and the disappearance of his father interwoven by fools. I have already proved that the story is false. But he is obdurate He says he is not going to send Najma to her husband for it is against his family prestige. He and his family honour! Down with them! He even says that he is going to get divorce from Siraj. The other day he said: 'In this country where there are thousands of young widows, let my child be one of them. Moreover Islam does allow re-marriage It doesn't matter much if I get divorce for my daughter.' Why has he become so base and foolish? For the past nine months Najma is here with her father. Would he never send her back? Let us wait and see.

SIRAJ:

It is early morning. The water of the river is shimmering with delight. The leaves are glistening. The morning air is keen and cool. The sweet music of the birds joined with the deep breath of Nature is audible. People are gay and jovial. There is a pinching joy everywhere. In this symphony of Nature only I remain voiceless Why cannot I sing? Am I the only exception? Was I born merely to suffer?

I return from the office in the evening. The home is empty. I enter the house. What can I do save to heave a deep sigh? Numbing pangs weigh down my heart. Every part of the house is associated with the joyful life that we both led for three months. My house, now I see, was built to remain empty. It is said that 'the house which becomes empty through the parting of lovers, still has the music left in the heart of its emptiness.' But whither had gone that music? Am I deaf to it?

One year, one full year of my youth, had vanished without my Najma by my side. My father-in-law orders me strictly not to write any letter either to him or to his daughter. He orders me to forget his daughter. The story he has discovered regarding my family affairs, how false and foolish is it! My Najma would never come to me! To forget my Najma,—the very idea is inconceivable.

Friend Salim mocks at me for my constancy to her. He always goads me to re-marry. Is it possible? My heart can give shelter to only one woman and she is my Najma. No place for any other woman! He raises a question. If she really loves me, she should come not caring for her father. She should sacrifice everything for my sake. This is the idea of Salim. But my Najma,

my home-made Najma, 'the product of confined space and the daily routine of small duties', is not courageous. She is too young. She knows not her responsibility. She has lived with me only for a short period of three months. She might not have understood, perhaps, the deep love I have for her. What can she do?

My heart becomes confused. Did the love I received from her, I ask myself sometimes, come from the deep spring of her heart, or was it a mere show? I rebuke my own heart. Why do I give place to such meaningless ideas? My trial is hard indeed. Just when I want a helpmate most, I am thrown back alone to suffer.

My father-in-law is inflexible. Why is he not able to understand the natural truths that bind the whole universe? The attraction of man and woman for each other is fundamental. Whither and why is the river running post-haste with its full current from the mountain, its place of birth? Only to join the sea, the vast sea, its lover. The tiny creeper does not remain all alone in its place of birth. It finds its life and joy in winding the big tree by its side. But why is he ignorant of these facts? Nobody can work against the laws of Nature. If he does, it does mean utter annihilation.

I have complete belief in time and I hope that time can conquer where I cannot. The day would come when my Najma would come to me. 'Successful are they who are patient,' so says the proverb.

SALIM:

'Man should be patient,' of course. But he should not forget that there is also a limit to that. Too much patience does show the weakness of the man. After seeing the letters of my friend Siraj, I come only to this conclusion.

I am writing to him constantly to take action against his father-in-law. The old fellow, believing certain foolish stories, is against sending Najma to him. He has full right to fetch his wife from there. But he is remaining idle and inactive. He should be less patient and more energetic. His calmness and patience should give way to vigorous action at this critical juncture. He is like a philosopher. He loves only pacific methods. He writes that he has complete faith in time and the change of time would be favourable to him. Let me wait and see how far time does outwit him.

AEYSHA:

A year has gone by since I last met my dear friend Najma. My heart aches when every letter of hers speaks to me the distress gradually growing in her heart and constantly creating contempt in the whole world at large. Her father should not be so foolish and thoughtless. These old fellows are deaf and blind to the feelings and sufferings of young maidens. However Najma also should not be so ignorant and child-like. In spite of her education and knowledge she acts like a *purdah* woman of some two centuries ago. She should be courageous and active. To a married woman her husband is all in all. He is her world. He is her home. He is her lord. She should love and respect him. She has no solace in the world save him.

But poor Najma! She is ignorant and inexperienced. She has spoiled one year in the spring of her life. Her husband is a typical gentleman. He has

written to her, 'Come at any moment you like. The door of my house and the door of my heart as well, would be ever open to you. Come and occupy that place that is empty.' But Najma sits still and idle. She is in-active.

I have shown to her the true tract she has to follow. I have written to her to go to her husband all at once without the knowledge of her father. This is the best method I can think of. Her future prosperity and bliss depend upon this adventure. I wish her success.

NAJMA:

Joy......! Have seven days passed, I wonder! What a lovely evening! I am expecting him from the office. The day's dazzling light is slowly mellowing. The rich glow of afternoon covers earth and sky. I look at the rich spring sky—a beautiful transparent blue that shimmers with light. Soft billows of clouds—white and spotless as spun flakes of snow—drift across the sky.

Oh, how adventurous, how fearful it is to recall how I came from home! I thought and thought incessantly. Aeysha's letter opened my eyes. To leave my home for ever and to go to my husband all alone,—is this possible? But I felt my responsibility. No way was there before me save this. I made up my mind.

The clock struck four. I slowly rose from the bed. My heart was beating faster and faster. Slowly, very slowly with the least sound possible, I came out from the house. The waning moon was there shining dimly. Near by an owl hooted ominously. A high wind arose from nowhere and the sound of the waters of the river was heard moaning like a monster. But with all my courage collected I was moving forward. A numbing fear weighed upon my heart. A chorus of dogs rose angrily. I walked and walked. For the first time in my life I experienced how hard and fearful it was to walk at that time. It was dawn. I reached the Railway Station ... ...

I saw myself before the gate of his house. I felt ashamed for my past action. How to enter his house? Shyness and shame troubled me. Slowly but steadily I went into the house. His charming voice was audible. He was studying the Holy Quran in which lie all our hopes and aspirations. I went to the door of his room. I was unable to go farther. My whole body was shivering. O! he turns towards me. He sees me. 'Najma...... My Najma... have you come?'... I hear his faltering tone. I forget myself. The next moment I fall prostrate before him. ....I open my eyes. I see myself breathing calmly lying on his broad chest. My eyes meet with his eyes. 'Forgive me ...' These words try to come out from my mouth but my mouth is sealed with a vague sensation. He smiles at me. I too try to smile. I forget my cares and worries.

Joy! ...... The spring has come. I feel like flying higher and higher to heaven. My husband is the very personification of love and kindness. My poor father! He has found out that I have come here. He has written to me yesterday. He says that he won't give me even a single pie from his vast fortune. Who wants his property? He and his silly riches! I have achieved my real fortune. The spring has dawned for me.

THE SOCIAL LIFE OF WHITE ANTS

by Sri K. Kesavan Nayar, B. Sc.

White ants or termites, as they are called, come under the insect order Isoptera (Equal wings). They have two pairs of membraneous wings, if they have wings at all, but there are many generations that never have wings. Their metamorphosis is gradual. They live on wood and have biting mouth parts. Termites are abundantly seen in the tropics, where they are a perpetual menace to houses and other structures made of wood. There are about twelve to fifteen thousand species of termites spread over various parts of the globe like America, Africa, Australia, Ceylon and India.

In these wonderful creatures we meet with the highest order of intelligence and the greatest industrious habit in the insect kingdom. One has only to stretch oneself out near a termitary on a hot summer day, and one will be instructed and amused beyond measure by the varied occupations of the inhabitants of the busy little republic. The termitary is a pyramidal nest made of earth, which sometimes comes to twenty feet in height. A part of the nest is hidden underground and the rest projects out. The ants build their house from inside. In some places the termite nests stretch across wide areas looking like small huts. The largest of these are seen in Africa and Belgian Congo. They are built on such strong foundation and on such sound principles of engineering that they are not damaged by the fall of the biggest tree.

Now let us see inside this curious abode of the white ants to appreciate the intelligence and labour that these insects have spent on their dwellings. There is good ventilation inside the structure which is partitioned into a series of corridors supported by pillars. It is found by skilled workers like W. W. Froggatt that an optimum temperature of 95°F should prevail inside for these insects to live there. A fall of 16° is fatal to the inmates. How is this temperature kept constant? These social Isopteran insects have solved the problem easily and have given man the principles of thermosiphon and fermentation. Man may boast of his achievements in various walks of life but before him these insects have discovered and put into practice some of the complicated principles of Physics and Chemistry. A rise of temperature is brought about inside the termite-mould by air gushing through the corridors. In addition to this, these insects collect wood and grass and store them at vantage points to ferment. The heat liberated out of this fermentation raises the temperature to the required level. Moreover a team of wax workers from among the colony keep busy by actively vibrating their wings. This also helps, to some extent, the constancy of the temperature. The royal chamber in which the queen rests is built on arches and it is spacious. Great pillars extend from the queen's apartment to the floor where there are places for storage of food and for the bringing up of the larvae and nymphs. Another interesting point about the termitary is the fungal gardens situated on the upper floor of the structure,

where the food of some of the white ants is cultivated, just as man brings up his food crops. The presence of moisture inside is not clearly explained. Probably this is brought about by a combination of hydrogen and oxygen in some way by the insects. These tiny insects are engineers, biologists and chemists from whom we have much to learn.

The white ant community is composed of winged and wingless sexual individuals and wingless sterile soldiers and workers. The wings are capab'e of being shed. There is a single queen in each colony whose work is to mate and lay eggs. A considerable number of eggs are laid by this queen, and she is treated with royal dignity by the rest of the individuals in the house. The sexual ants mate with the queen and carry on the work of nursing and feeding the larvae and nymphs; the workers build the nest, bring food and see to the comforts of the young nymphs. The soldiers are for guarding the nest from foreign invasion and to see that no other animal enters the mould. When a group of workers are at work they surround them and see that no hindrance is given to their work. In some species of white ants the soldiers carry a syringe and if any other animal comes near or disturbs the normal course of life, it gets paralysed by one sting of this formidable apparatus. One interesting species of white ants which is found in Ceylon (*Eutermes Ceylonicus*) possesses a huge syringe and its sting is fatal to small insects. The queen is bigger than the rest of the white ants and she enjoys special privileges and treatment from her fellow beings. The queen may live for more years unlike the workers and sexual ones which die soon. And during her life-time the queen lays thousands of eggs daily. Each year a new generation comes out with pigmented bodies. They fly out, create a new queen and establish a new colony. The caste system in white ants corresponds to the honeybee. There is a graded series of complex colonial life among termites which observe a division of labour between the several castes. The constant association of many individuals in a colony evidently leads to the formation of useful new reflexes and instincts, with different kinds of food and, possibly, by the action of certain hormones. These may have led to the origin of caste. The larger populations with social life require an increased food supply. The white ants show a progression in food habits such as possibly occurred in man's history. The queen is fed with special food and this system of special food and care makes the queen the propagator of the species. When a queen dies, this sort of special feeding is done to some other nymph which ultimately becomes the queen, perhaps by the action of the special food or by some other means which is beyond our knowledge now.

If we notice the methods of nutrition of these insects we will come to know a group of insects which have solved their food problem much more effectively than man. The sole item of termite food is wood, which contains cellulose. Unfortunately this cellulose cannot be digested by the majority of animals. But these insects have overcome the difficulty of digesting the cellulose content of the wood they eat by a very easy method.

They harbour a kind of protozoan parasites inside their intestine which digest the cellulose of the wood and make it useful for the host animal thereby getting food for them also. They secrete an enzyme which digests the cellulose. Here is a perfect example of symbiosis where the two animals concerned get mutually benefited. The termite gets its food digested and the protozoan parasite gets shelter and food. Yet another species of termites which are devoid of these parasites engage themselves in active cultivation of their food, just like man who brings up his food crops. These termites live on tiny cryptogams which they cultivate within their nest and these flowerless plants digest the cellulose for the insect. *Volvaria curhiza* and *Xylaria nigripes* are the mycelia they usually bring up and the interesting point is that these fungi flourish only inside a termitary. When the termites migrate or move on to establish a new colony they never forget to carry the conedia (spores) of these fungi with them and to grow them in their new dwelling. The termites of a million years ago had their food in abundance, but a drought came and they began to feed on wood and other things and, then, only those which had the protozoa lived and the others perished. Thenceforward it became an adaptation and a selection and we find now all these insects well provided with their supply of the parasite inside their intestine. This is the only reasonable explanation for this peculiar mode of nutrition in the white ants. Termites on the verge of death from hunger will thrive if fed on vegetable mould which contains the protozoa.

The destruction caused by these insects is great and it gives man a problem when he finds one morning his house crumbling down like a pack of cards by the overnight work of the termites. A policeman who used to rest leaning on a road-side tree found, one morning, the huge tree toppling down on him. This was the overnight work of a swarm of termites which entered through the root system, ate away all the inner tissues and left only the bark, thus preserving the natural appearance. At times they eat away doors and wooden beams taking care to leave enough wood to give the original form of the structure. They are a perpetual manace to books, and huge libraries have come to a sad end with the attack of these industrious vandals. They eat away the central portion and keep the outline of the book intact. This overnight change and destruction is caused by thousands and thousands of termites getting engaged on a single object. A scientist who was working on termites put some of these insects inside a glass jar and left it for the night, only to find them escaped in the morning. He found that the glass was eaten away. They are really chemists of a superior order to have used some substance which can even dissolve glass. Many such incidents have been reported, but all that is intended here is a passing mention just to show how these termites turn destructive and give man a headache.

If you happen to watch a termite mould you will see busy workers running to and from the nest, rigidly keeping to certain beaten tracks, some going in search of food

[*Continued on the next page*]

TWO STEPS FORWARD

by B. Ramadurai, I Class.

I was sauntering along the street aimlessly. My mind was much thrilled by the melodious song of "Jana Gana Mana" which came floating in the air to my ears. I was much impressed by the ideas that this beautiful piece of verse revealed to the slumbering nations and it excited my imagination. That day was August 15th, the historic day which marked the third milestone in our march on the path of Independence. I was busy comparing the picture of the present-day India with that of the past.

I recalled the tyrannies of the autocratic British rule and the ways and means they had adopted to subdue the rising spirit of nationalism. I recalled the glorious lives of those courageous warriors who preferred death on the gallows to monotonous lives in a slave nation. I recalled the supreme sacrifices of our beloved leaders who dedicated their everything to the service and welfare of our Mother India. I recalled the great historic events in olden days that paved the way for a struggle for Freedom in later days.

After a peaceful struggle for more than sixty years we were able to get our Independence. After a long night of constant and uninterrupted slavery extending for a hundred and fifty years,

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[*Continued from the previous page*]

and others in search of material for the repair or enlargement of the nest. They will patch up a broken piece of a nest in a very orderly and quick manner. Then there are those on the return journey with softened earth or with insect grubs or other insects to feed their young ones. When two ants meet each other on the road, they stop not for idle gossip but to discuss some difficulty, or to tell of an accident to one among them, or to relate good news about the discovery of food or a lost relative. After mutual caressing and exchange of a number of signs they both start off in the same direction, and further watching will show the result of their conversation. It is astonishing to see how co-operative are their actions. If a termite finds a grub that it cannot carry, it applies for assistance to the first friend it meets and the request is never refused. They carry a wounded brother met on the way. The same co-operation is shown in the construction and repair of the nest. Inside the home, every duty is performed with the greatest industry and the sweetest harmony. They usually move in a file when doing long-distance journeys. Disturbance to one ant in the last row is enough to create an alertness in the ant going in front. Thus there is a sort of wireless communication among them which eludes the grasp of human intelligence. In these travels the ants are always guarded by a batch of soldiers with the syringe—their weapon of offence and defence.

Man is considered perfect in his social behaviour. Even this highly advanced being shows mistakes in his social life and tends to swerve from the normal, and for him there is a perfect example and an ideal in the termites.* They give us a lesson of tolerance and co-operation.

* And in destruction, too, man finds a 'perfect example and an ideal in the termites'! Ed.

we were able to trace the dawn of Freedom. At last we witnessed the emergence of the Sun of Freedom on the 15th of August 1947 who with his invigorating, golden rays roused the people from their deep and long slumber. But when the whole of India was celebrating the day of Independence, that tiny man, the architect of our Freedom, the Father of the Nation, as he may be rightly called, was engaged in wiping away the heated tears of the affected masses in a remote corner in Bengal. In fact, the division of India gave rise to the smoking spirit of communal hatred and malice and one morning it broke out with all its cruelty. Man was torturing man mercilessly. Fathers saw their sons and daughters being burnt before their own eyes. Thousands of people were left homeless and helpless. Naturally, this refugee problem became the keenest and most complicated problem to our new-born national Government. Thanks to the great and ceaseless efforts of our beloved leaders, this problem is being solved satisfactorily to some extent.

Another great calamity of an irreparable kind followed this event. It was on 30th January 1948 at 5-12 P. M. Bapuji was coming to the gardens of the beautiful Birla House to conduct his prayer meeting as usual with his two hands resting on the shoulders of Manu Gandhi and Ava Gandhi. A huge crowd was waiting for his arrival. When he was thus approaching the platform, a man, attired in Khaki uniform came before him and asked him why he was late. Mahatmaji replied to him and proceeded to the dais. As soon as he reached it, this 'mad man' whipped out his revolver and aiming at Gandhiji, fired three shots. These cruel shots did not fail; they took with them the life of our leader. Mahatmaji fell on his back with folded arms like a tender lamb. The last word which came from his mouth was that word which was ever dwelling on his lips—SRI RAM. The light had gone out; the light that illuminated the world for so many years, the friend of its foes, the help for the helpless, the consoler for the sufferers, was extinguished. The soft body which had undergone many a trial and ordeal, finally fell victim to a cartridge of his fellow-man. Unable to keep the great treasure which Providence had so graciously given to us, we are lamenting over the loss. But his teachings are with us and will be ever with us helping us through thick and thin.

Now, the food problem has risen to great importance and this requires to be tackled carefully. The position of the poor peasants is still the same and they are still oppressed by poverty. Tireless efforts have to be made to see that poverty perishes and illiteracy vanishes. We are still in a period of transition, and we should equip ourselves with all the necessary things so that we can emerge as a self-contained, self-sufficient and highly industrialized republic.

With these thoughts reigning in my mind I entered my house when my little young brother greeted me with a cheerful cry of "JAI HIND"

A DAY DREAM

by J. Narayan Rao, III B. Sc.

(With apologies to Goldsmith)

As I was indulging in some reflections or other I formed the following reverie too wild for an allegory and too regular for a dream.

I fancied myself standing in the midst of great busy crowds before a large red fort or some such thing. I could well see an infinite number of waggons or stage coaches standing rows upon rows majestically decorated. Each vehicle had its own inscriptions, showing the place of its destination. On one I could read "The Pleasure Stage Coach"; on another, "The Waggon of Industry"; on a third, "The vanity Whim"; and on a fourth, "The Landau of Riches." But quite apart from all these, there was a group of shining vehicles stationed at a distance and on each of these I could see a placard reading "The Fame Machine." There the crowd was very dense, and the atmosphere resounded with deafening cheers.

Suddenly I heard an uproar of hailing cries from millions of throats and I turned around to catch sight of something new and astonishing. I perceived an old man, bespectacled, half-naked, gripping a long bamboo stick, coming out with his radiant face wreathed in smiles. I heard a musical voice singing, "Where he sat became the temple and where he trod became the hallowed ground." All the drivers of the fame machine coaches crowded around him and entreated the old man in the most cordial terms to take a seat in their coaches. Though the old man was inevitably bound for 'The Temple of Fame,' to which place these coaches also were destined to go, he did not even care to look at these stately coaches. He cared for none. Swiftly, with folded arms, acknowledging the roaring cheers, he walked on and on. The slim figure receded farther and farther away and, all on a sudden, the figure disappeared. Lo! darkness spread its evil wings and gloom prevailed everywhere. Calm, quiet, the crowd stood perplexed.

After a while, I sensed the same roaring confusion of hailing human throats. A man with a transparent heart, wearing a white cap on his head, emerged out. He was invited and taken into the best of the coaches—"To the Temple of Fame"—decorated with such rare artistic magnificence. Slowly and slowly the stately coach moved on, millions following and cheering the unique personality all the way. The whole ceremoney was marked with a festive touch, and some one in the huge crowd mused, "Whatever gods there be, there is something godlike in a man." The coach picked up speed and the crowd had to stop. Soon it went out of sight.

Then emerged a man out of the fort, a man with iron fists and hands. The crowds cheered, roared. He grinned, and pin-drop silence everywhere! He gazed around and waved his finger as if giving some alarming warning. A few in the crowd ran helter-skelter and the

crowds chased them with deafening cries: "Down with Quistlings!" The man stood, smiled, his face rather soft now. Yet no coachman dared to approach this man. The man stepped on, he himself chose a coach. That coach! It was an iron coach with iron wheels and with a sturdy Jehu at the driver's seat! The coach reeled on, the crowd attempted to follow on, he grinned and the crowd stopped. The coach soon went out of sight. A dead silence everywhere coupled with reverential awe. The Quistlings peeped out of their hiding places and, not seeing the iron man, came out and joined the crowds.

Now another personality was walking towards the coaches. He did not, evidently, emerge out of the fort. A small section of the crowd roared with admiration, another with indignation. But the majority stood in silence bowing their heads a little. The two parties became rival groups and they began to fly at each other's throats. Revenge! Arson!! Murder!!! The man, who was nicely dressed, smiled, went near a coach, asked the driver to remove one of the wheels and he drove on in that unique three-wheeled chariot. I could well see, he took quite a different route. Evidently he wished to reach the Temple of Fame, but where did the coach take him?

* * * *

I suddenly awoke from my day dream. I found no crowd, no fort, nothing at all. Only heaps of old newspapers, which I had gone through earlier in the day.

Contributions from our Renaissance Scholars to world knowledge after laborious toil.

1. History & Geography:

"Aurangzeb was a sunny non-muslim" —[Perhaps another way of saying 'a cold muslim']

"Megasthenes's 'Indigo' is a very useful book in giving information about the period of the Mouryas"–[No wonder the book gives a colourful picture of India!]

Court Poets of Krishnadevaraya— "The Ashta Dig-gajas (Eight elephants) were the court poets"—[No wonder they produced a weighty literature!]

"Allauddin developed an elaborate system of spices"—[Quite natural that his rule was very pungent!]

B. B. C. (expanded)–"Before the Birth of Christ"—[More natural than B. C.]

"William III ascended the throne without a drop of blood"—[What an anaemic King!]

"Walpole passed the Exercise Bill"—[Perhaps the Excise Bill amended!]

Bose, J. C.–"The greatest Congress leader who wanted to obtain freedom from the British by force. He left India ... ... and never returned"—[A Scientist turned Politician!]

Myopia. "Myopia is a province in New Zealand"—[Latest Geographical exploration!]

Walpole's policy of 'Let sleeping dogs lie'—[New interpretations:–]

We should not wake sleeping dogs but we must buy every one.

Don't disturb the sleeping dog.

Let lying dogs sleep.

Barking dogs don't bite.

A bit of meat is enough for the barking dogs.

Let sleeping dogs be free.

Let sleeping dogs wait.

Let sleeping dogs always sleep.

2. Economics :

Functions of Money. "There are many smaller functions of money. As an old proverb says, 'Even the corpse will open its mouth on seeing money' —[Not at all a minor function!]

Localization of Industries. "One reason for it was that in former days Courtship was given to industries"—[No doubt, Court patronage has always had a tinge of Romance!]

Evils of the Factory system. "Child mortgage was very high." [Quite natural that the parents mortgaged the life of their children to earn more.]

Sickness benefit. "By this every worker is entitled to get the benefit of Sickness." [We hope that the benefits do not include a trip to the other world!]

3. Religion and Philosophy :

Islam: "The new religion of Islam increased the spirit of the Muslims and they hated the Ideal worshippers"—[A practical religion, of course.]

Jainism: "They (Jains) wanted to know the perfect method by which they could go to hell. Those who wished to go to hell must have the strong austerity" —[After all the mind can make a heaven of hell.]

The way to salvation: "If aman wanted to get real Mukti, he must not take food and water. Starvation gives man Mukti or Salvation"—[An infallible prescription, of course!]

Buddhism: "Asoka built a large number of pills and in those pills he made (his officers) to carve the essential doctrines of Buddhism. Even to-day those pills are found abundantly in Saranath and Benares"—[Buddhism in pill form! It is understood that the pills are sugar-coated. A good export to the U. N. O. for distribution among the warlike nations.]

4. Science :

Myopia. "Myopia is given to faint some one. During operations the doctors will give myopia in order that he may not feel pain"—[A supermorphia, perhaps!]

Penicillin. "A medicine injected to one who has unbearable sneers."—[A new use for Penicillin. The disease has yet to be diagnosed!]

Radar. "An instrument to make clouds rain."—[Devoutly to be wished!]

5. Literature :

Vascodagama. "Author of Discovery of India"—[Our great Prime Minister to note!]

"Oliver Goldsmith. Author of Oliver Twist"—[A good twist!]

6. Language :

Convoy. "A convict who escapes from prison. A convoy is like an ambassador of a country sent to another country." [Almost like an envoy.] A convoy—**கனவாய்.**

Mirage. "Mirage is freedom." [Probably a natural reaction to India's long fight for freedom.]

"Mirage is an officer in Ancient India." [Probably the Mir Arz of the Muslim Government became Mirage in course of time.]

Mirage—"monuments erected over tombs to keep the memory of the dead person alive." [A shadow for the substance!]

K. R. S.

SRI P. A. SITARAMA AYYAR

An Appreciation.

By " Auress "

How some they have died, and some
they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are
departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
Charles Lamb.

It seems like yesterday. I saw him towards the end of August, beaming his benign smile at me, and holding me in enthralled conversation in the street, like the Ancient Mariner. I promised to meet him and never for a moment suspected that it would be the last I saw of him.

One can assert, I think, without being jeered at, that there is a romance about our college. It may seem strange, but if you reflect for a moment, romance seems literally to emanate from the very buildings. The buildings were acquired, it is said, from the Rani of Tanjore. What would not one give to have a sight of those bejewelled beauties of ancient Tanjore who walked the very corridors of our college with dainty sandalled feet! Perhaps some princess got up one of those towers and cast a wistful look at the majestic-flowing Cauvery, while the spires of the temples of Kumbakonam gleamed at a distance! "Charm'd magic casements opening on the foam..." Those lines of Keats almost spring to one's mouth ... Perhaps it may not be within your knowledge, but we had a picturesque, antique-shaped boat to carry us across the river—we had no slick, neatly varnished foot-bridge then. Sometimes it got stuck up in the sands and with the pride of great heroes, we tucked up our dhotis, got down into the knee-deep water and pushed the boat afloat. How many times have we slipped our footing and dropped into the water and subsequently made our appearance in the class-room with the bleak look of a drenched bird! How many books and notebooks were dropped in the water, in our mad scramble to get out of the boat! There was, too, the old generation of professors with white turbans and flowing long-coats radiating mellow wisdom—not an 'unregenerate' batch of young men in pants!

Much has changed in the college, but the race of great professors is not dead —there is still romance in these old buildings. It clings and lingers like a faded perfume. At times some men distinguish themselves by reason of their character, ability, scholarship or eccentricity and leave a tradition behind them. In a terrain where there is so much of excellence they are like the peaks and eminences.

Chief among the great professors in recent years was Sri P. A. Sitaraman. Fair and plump, and clad in spotless white with a turban perched on his huge head, he was a person to be reckoned with. There was about him an aura of purity and austerity. His range was encyclopaedic. What he did not know

did not seem worth knowing and he was the one professor of English in recent years who could talk with equal authority on the *pons asinorum*, the philosophy of Descartes, the contribution of Keynes to modern economic thought, the treatment of friendship in Valmiki and the structure of the diamond. He was the best *raconteur* within my knowledge. To hear him talk for an hour either justifying why a particular street in Kumbakonam should be called by its name, or pointing out the excellence of a particular song or discussing organic compounds would in itself be liberal education.

He had a way of teaching, unique and his own. Broadly speaking, there are two types of professors—those who make their text their blackboard and those who convert it into a springboard. Your average professor sticks religiously to the text, droning out page after page of interminable prose 'illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, expatiating on the common-place but discreetly slurring over mutual difficulties.' Not so the inimitable P. A. S. You can sooner bind Proteus than confine the roving flight of his genius! Any text was a peg for him to hang his thoughts upon. I distinctly remember how he used to teach Burke. Beginning on page 127, he used to range freely through pages 47, 172 and 78 (in the order indicated)! Yet no one felt sorry that he did not regale us with formal explanations. He seemed to begin at the periphery and work along the several radii and it required more than average intelligence to perceive that he was actually striking at the centre. There was enchantment in his highly musical voice and a certain infectious quality in his exuberance which held us all spell-bound. Many a teacher who has shed tears of blood on perceiving a general resemblance between the students whom he is addressing and the parcels heaped together on the railway platform leaning against each other at all odd angles would undoubtedly be surprised to learn that there was an alertness and an air of expectancy in his students who always looked forward to his lectures.

He was a connoisseur of music and he had the greatest contempt for that crowd of dilettanti who mistake the popular, catchy but hybrid songs of the stage for music and who regard themselves as the very perfections of culture because they are members of some musical 'sabha' and nod their heads at regulated intervals of five minutes during all musical performances. He could talk very learnedly on some of our classic Carnatic musicians. Like everything else about him, his knowledge of Sanskrit was thorough and he was extremely well-read in it. I remember one occasion when he gave an allegorical interpretation of Kalidasa's *Meghasandesa*, bringing to his exposition a wealth of illustrative details.

He would talk at a terrific speed, word following word in quick succession, advancing, modifying and polishing his original conception. There was a certain startling quality about his massive generalizations because like all great and original minds he had a gift of paradoxical statement. His integrity was of a high order and throughout his life he maintained his stern independence of outlook and action. I can almost hear him saying, his voice throbbing with emotion, "Whatever happens, never forsake your principles. Fight for them and, if need be, sacrifice your life for them."

His voice was like the tinkling of silver bells and it has been hushed for ever. And for many like me who hold him 'on this side idolatry' he will remain a mere memory.

THE SCHOLARSHIP CONVOCATION

The second annual scholarship convocation for the awards and renewals of scholarships for this year was held under the auspices of the College Union on Monday, December 5, 1949, with Sri A. Subramanya Ayyar, B. A., in the Chair. The donor of two scholarships and a prize, the President of the Old Boys' Association and one of the oldest of our Old Boys whose contact with the College extends beyond half a century, Sri Subramanya Ayyar rightly occupied the seat of honour at the head of the table at the charming family gathering of the students, the teachers and the benefactors of the College. The President exhorted the students to be deserving of the scholarships awarded to them by dint of sustained work, faultless character and selfless service to the country.

The following is the speech delivered by our Principal who conceived the idea last year of organizing such a function to give public expression to the philanthropy of our donors and the merits of our scholars so that it may be a fillip to both philanthropy and scholarship.

Principal's Speech

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I wish to thank all those present here for having so kindly responded to our invitation to this Extra-ordinary meeting of the College Union for the presentation of Certificates of Awards of Scholarships in the College for the year 1949–50. My thanks are specially due to Sri A. Subramanya Ayyar, who has kindly consented to preside over to-day's function. In him we have the right choice as he has been the moving spirit of the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association all these years, and as he is himself a Donor of two Scholarships and a Prize. I have great pleasure in extending a cordial welcome to him and to all other guests.

A public function of this kind was arranged for the first time last year in the hope that by giving wider publicity to the merits of the recipients we shall be stimulating the students to greater exertion in their efforts to win these scholarships in future years; and with the hope that in the coming years more scholarships will be made available by the generous Public and the grateful Alumni of this College, commensurate with the increasing strength and importance of this institution in this District.

To-day's function, "The Second Scholarship Convocation," is a little late on account of unavoidable delays. Much of the delay was caused by the students who failed to submit their applications in time complete with the necessary certificates. However, though late, unlike last year I am able to award almost all the scholarships now at one time at this meeting. We are awarding now 11 out of 13 Endowed Scholarships, all the 34 Scholarships from the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association, 9 Government Scholarships and 49 out of 54 possible Government Half-Fee Scholarships and 1 Staff Social Club Athletic Scholarship, making a total of 104 out of 111 available Scholarships in this College for the year 1949–50.

From permanent endowments we are giving 13 Scholarships every year: 4 Dr. Rangachari Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 700, 4 Subramanyam Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 267, 1 Chittoor Ayyaswami Ayyar Scholarship amounting to Rs. 110, 1 K. RaghunathaRao Scholarship amounting to Rs. 90, 2 K. R. Doraiswamy Iyer Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 300, and 1 Edward Bird Scholarship amounting to Rs. 49—8—0. The total amount awarded as Scholarships from this source is Rs. 1516—8—0.

The Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association is awarding 34 Scholarships. They are: 9 Govindakudi Appakutti Iyer Charities Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 1200, 7 Tiruvaduthurai Adhinam Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 900, 2 Kasturiranga Iyengar Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 300, 2 Soundararajan Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 240, 2 Janab Muhammad Gani Rowther Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 150, 1 Mani Rajagopal Scholarship amounting to Rs. 125, 1 Tiruppanandal Adhinam Scholarship amounting to Rs. 130, 1 K. Raghavendra Rao Scholarship amounting to Rs. 125, 1 A. Subramanya Iyer Scholarship amounting to Rs. 80, 1 Rao Bahadur Muthukumarasamy Chettiar Scholarship amounting to Rs. 75, 1 Hyderabad Aravamudha Iyengar Scholarship amounting to Rs. 72, 1 Tanjore Raja's Scholarship amounting to Rs. 66-15-0, 1 Thyagaraja Chettiar Scholarship amounting to Rs. 48, and 4 Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association Scholarships of the total value of Rs. 280. The total amount given as Scholarships through the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association is therefore Rs. 3791—15—0.

To my knowledge, in no other College in this Province is the Old Boys' Association giving such a valuable help to deserving students. The interest shown by the past students of this College in the welfare of the present students is very praiseworthy and we are deeply grateful to the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association. I take this opportunity of thanking the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association, and its Office-Bearers, particularly its grand old President, Sri A. Subramanya Iyer, B. A., who is in our midst now, for their ever-abiding interest in the welfare and growth of their Alma Mater.

Besides the above Scholarships donated by the philanthropic Public we have this year 9 Government Full-Fee Scholarships and 54 possible Government Half-Fee Scholarships. The latter is given out of the 20 per cent of the additional fee-income from the enhanced tuition fees now in force in the College. The total amount available as Scholarships from these two items comes to Rs. 5407—8—0 this year. The number and the value of these Government Scholarships are both subject to variation from year to year.

All these Scholarships are awarded for academic attainments only. This year we are awarding for the first time a new kind of Scholarship for attainments in Athletic Activities. Last week, as reported in "The Hindu" on 1-12-1949, Major General A. A. Rudra, General-Officer-Commanding, Madras Area, observed in connection with the recruit-

ment of Indian Territorial Army, that the response from the Public of South India had been very encouraging but the number of people who fulfilled the conditions of physical fitness was very few. He also remarked that the Army requires intelligent men of good physique, courage and character. Till recently our Indian Army was officered by Britishers. Now the Indianized Forces require Indian Officers. In order to meet the growing demand for strong men with trained minds, I thought it necessary even last year that athletic activities must be encouraged by the suitable award of an adequate number of Scholarships and Prizes for athletic distinction. I made a special point of this in my speech on 13-12-1948 in connection with the Lecture on "Health and Hygiene" organized under the auspices of the Social Service League of this College. I have always held that Scholarships and Prizes should not be confined to academic activities but also be liberally extended to attainments in Sports and Games. I am very happy to announce that a beginning is made this year by instituting at least one Scholarship for Athletes. This is awarded by our Staff Social Club. Its value is Rs. 60. I thank very sincerely all the members of the Staff Social Club for their hearty co-operation in this regard and, in particular, Sri V. S. Angappan, Sri G. Krishnamoorthy, Sri V. Ramakrishnan and Sri P. K. Sankaran for sponsoring and organizing this Athletic Scholarship. Now that a start is made, I hope that more Athletic Scholarships and Trophies will be instituted in the near future by the enlightened Public of this District and the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association making their number equal to that of Academic Scholarships and Prizes.

On the whole we have more than one hundred Scholarships. The total value of these Scholarships exceeds Rupees Ten Thousand. The strength of this College is about 800. One in every eight of our students is therefore getting a Scholarship. More than half of the total Scholarships are from the Government out of Provincial Funds. About a third of the Scholarships are received through the Kumbakonam College Old Boys' Association out of Private Funds. All these Scholarships are given to deserving students judged by their performance in the Public Examinations, or in the competitive Examinations held for this purpose, or in the Athletic Activities of the College. The Certificates of these Scholarships are awarded at a Public Meeting of this kind in order to give wide publicity to the merits of the recipients and the philanthropy of the donors. I further hope that the existence of such a large number of Scholarships in this College which not only recognises merit in the Students but also provides financial aid to the Scholars, will go a great way in inducing more and more students of distinguished ability in both academic and athletic spheres to seek admission into this ancient College already famous as the Cambridge of South India. Under these stimulating conditions I am confident that this institution will achieve a glorious future.

[*Continued on the next page*]

OUR CRICKET TOUR

We availed ourselves of the Deepavali holidays to undertake a grand Cricket tour to Madura, Pudukottah and Trivandrum under the inspiring leadership of our Physical Director. We left Kumbakonam on 14th October directly for Madura with Sri A. Nagarajan, our jolly Assistant Lecturer in Natural Science, as our friend and guide. Next morning we reached Madura where, thanks to Sri V. Ramamurthi, an Old Boy of our College, a fixture was arranged with the Tamilnad Polytechnic XI. After a creditable draw with them, we played the next day with the famous Ever-joy Cricket Club which consists of veteran players. Though we scored only 26, I am proud that this College team made them out for a total of 68.

On 17th morning we started for Pudukottah to play the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Match with St. Joseph's College, Tiruchi. Meanwhile, owing to pressure of work, Sri Nagarajan left us, and our beloved Physical Director joined us here. Two of our players, G. A. Christie and S. D. Kandaswami, also joined us at Pudukottah. Though we were defeated in the match played on the succeeding two days, we were able to put up a good show.

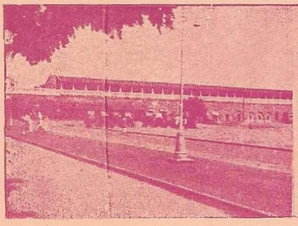
I record on behalf of the Cricket team with deep regret the bereavement which happened to K. Venkataraman, the Vice-Captain, who was suddenly obliged to return home after the first day's play. Christie also was not available for the further trip to Trivandrum owing to some unavoidable circumstances.

Thus leaving behind us two of our star Cricketers we started for Trivandrum on 19th by the night train and reached our destination on 20th evening. The panoramic view of Nature that unfolded itself as we hurried past the Western Ghats was enchanting to the eye and exhilarating to the mind. The beautiful atmosphere and the fine weather at Trivandrum filled us with hopes of fine performance. Thanks to our Physical Director's resourcefulness, we were able to secure accommodation in the spacious bangalow of Sri V. Kumaraswami, one of the Old Boys of our College. We cannot sufficiently express in words our gratitude to our host for his great kindness and hospitality during our stay in Trivandrum.

[*Continued from the previous page*]

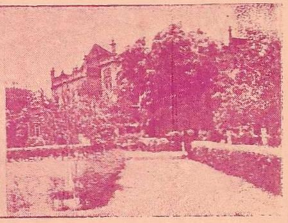
In conclusion I appeal to the Public of this rich District to donate more generously to meet the needs of the increased trength of the College. As this College possesses many distinguished Alumni, I appeal to the Old Boys in general and to the recipients of Scholarships in particular, to keep up the past traditions and achievements of our College. I trust that the present students will also shoulder the same responsibility in maintaining and enhancing the name and fame of this Temple of Learning situated attractively on the banks of the sacred river Cauvery.

At Madura and Kodaikanal



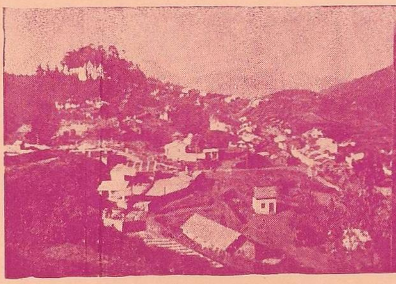
Madura Ry. Station

Ramaswami Temple
and Main Street

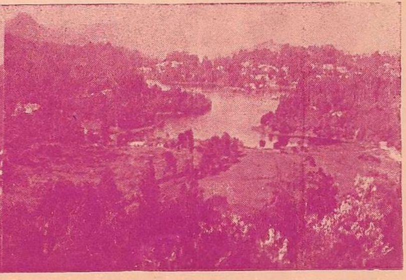


Madura College.

The Sree Meenakshi Temple, Madura



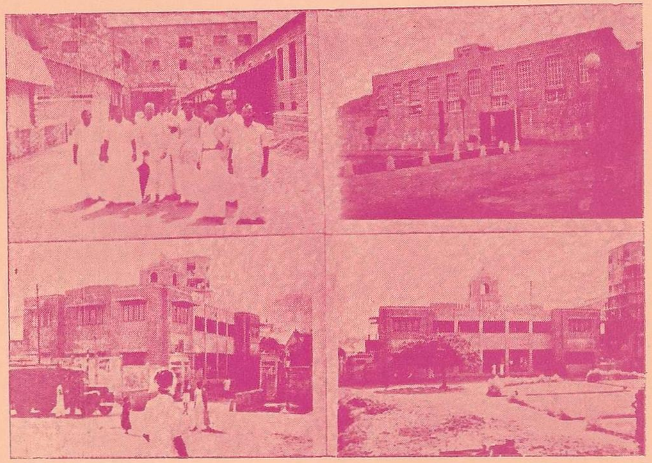
Kodaikanal—A Bird's Eye View



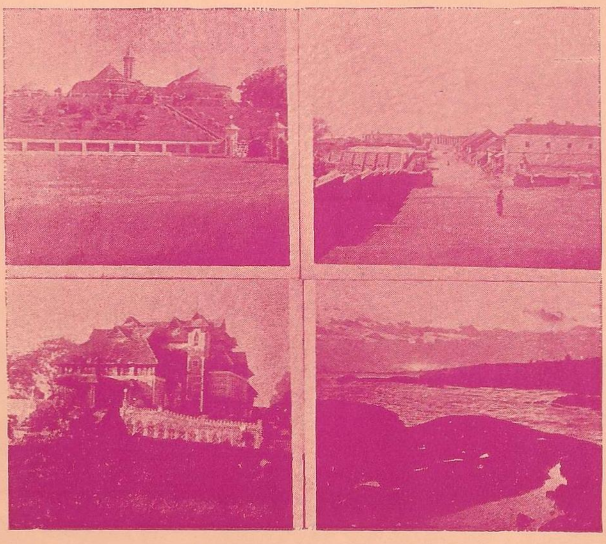
Kodaikanal—The Lake View

(by Sri V. Ramamurthi)

At Mettur and Trivandrum



Mettur Chemicals



1 3
2 4

1. Kanakakunnu Palace
2. Trivandrum Museum
3. Cape Comorin
4. Sunset at Cape Comorin

(by Sri V. Ramamurthi)

On the morning of October 21 we celebrated Deepavali in a fitting manner. On the same day we played with the University College XI in the beautiful stadium. Next day we played with the Engineering College, Trivandrum, on the same grounds. It gives me great pleasure and pride to say that we won both the matches creditably. This was the grand finale of the tour undertaken by the Cricketers of our College.

I shall be failing in my duty if I do not thank Sri V. Ramamurthi of Madura, Sri V. Kumaraswami of Trivandrum and Sri Mahadevan and Sri George, the Cricket Captains of the University and Engineering Colleges, at Trivandrum, for the generous hospitality extended to us. The College Cricketers are extremely thankful to our beloved Principal and the office-bearers of the College Athletic Association for enabling and encouraging us to realize our dreams of a grand Cricket tour. Without our dynamic Physical Director, Sri Pavanasam, we would not have been able to enjoy half as much as we did during our trip.

A. SUBRAMANIAN,
Captain, Cricket Club.

OUR CANOE TOUR.

Situated picturesquely on the bank of the Cauvery, our College with its canoe tours and regatta invites comparison with Cambridge in more respects than one. It was about thirty-five years ago that the Canoe Club was founded, and ever since it has been growing in strength and popularity. The annual canoe tour is looked forward to by the members of the Club with the greatest interest and many are the hours spent by them in discussing how best the occasion could be made to yield all its pleasures.

This year the twenty-seven sailors of our College Navy spent a restless night on Friday, 14th. October, when some took part in animated conversation, some found amusement in cards and the rest dreamed about the coming canoe tour early in the morning. The College verandahs were vocal with the happy voices of the adventurous crew who were bent upon rowing up the River beyond Thirukattupalli.

Before the first streaks of dawn appeared on the eastern horizon, the canoes of Muruganathan and Nagaratnam were briskly piercing through the darkness westwards on the River. Sitaraman and Rajamanickam accorded a hearty send-off to the departing canoes, and started with their crews for Swamimalai by road. The sailors reached Swamimalai at 6 P. M. exactly as scheduled before, and were warmly welcomed by P. Perumal (IV B. A. Class) who led them to a hotel for breakfast.

The relieving party which had reached Swamimalai by land now launched the canoes. As usual we cast anchor at 11 A. M. at Kapisthalam where we had a fine bath and a delicious meal provided by Sri Govindaswami Moopanar, an 'Old Boy' of our College whose generous hospitality the canoe tourists from his

alma mater have enjoyed every year without a break. On resuming our voyage we had the novel experience of carrying the canoes on our shoulders at Arasalar-head in order to cross the shutters. It was indeed a strenuous task! Between Kapisthalam and Arasalar-head, the depth of the water was so low that we had to drag the canoes for several furlongs wading through the River. But our exertion was more than compensated for by a fine tiffin which awaited us at Ganapathi Agraharam. Beyond this place the current of the River was so strong that I am inclined to think that the Cauvery had declared a veritable war on us. Though we threw in all our forces we were not able to advance in our usual speed. At last at 8 P. M. we anchored at Eachangudi within three miles of Trivadi. We were so tired that farther advance that day was ruled out as impossible. So Nagaratnam and I undertook to mount guard, and the rest of us proceeded to Trivadi to take their meal. In the still darkness my friend yielded unresistingly to slumber which embraced him on the dry sands of the River, and even the howls of jackals could not disturb him from it. It was really an adventure for me till about midnight when Draviyam and Thomas, our College peons, relieved us from our sentry work.

The next day's work was very light. We again put off to reach Trivadi three miles up the River where we took our well-earned rest for the remaining part of the day in the Trivadi High School. For, pleasure and not painful exertion was our motto this time. We wisely stuck to the golden middle, neither Ulysses nor the Lotos-eaters.

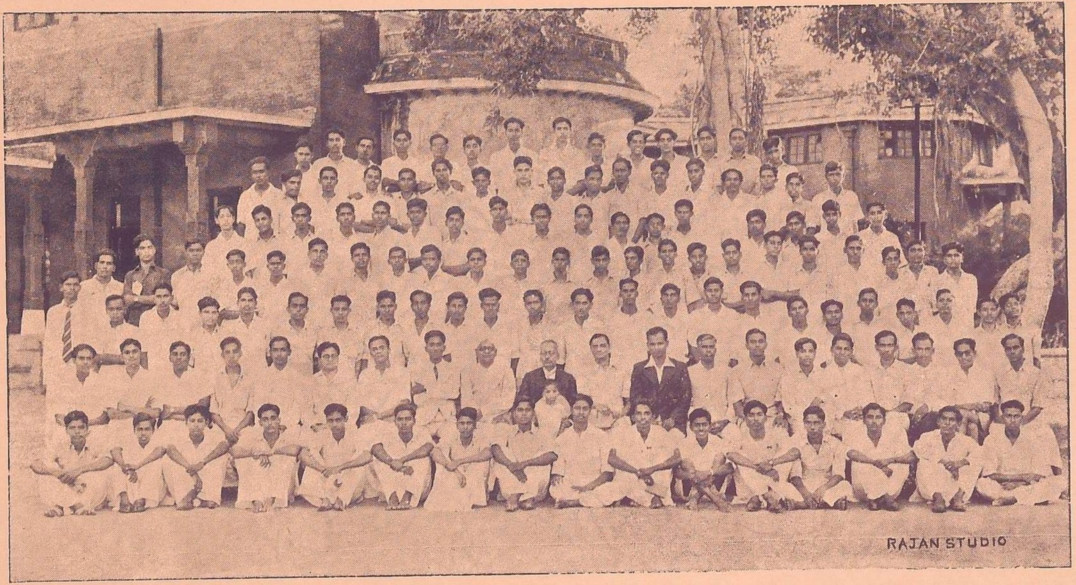
Fresh and brisk, on the third day at 3 A. M. we started from Trivadi and about seven hours' rowing and paddling brought us to Thirukattupalli. When we were nearing the shutters we felt as if we were sailing in the sea, for the waves of the River dashed against the canoes and began to rock them like tiny babies. Thus when we reached our destination we were in high spirits.

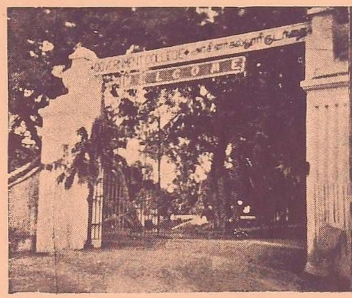
In the afternoon of the same day we started for Tiruchi with our cameras by train from Budalur under the able leadership of Sri S. Kalyanasundaram Pillai, our respected and beloved Physical Training Instructor. We visited in Tiruchi many important places like the Rock Fort, Srirangam, St. Joseph's College and National College. P. Rajamanickam made very good use of his camera for taking snaps of all places of interest. We were back in Thirukattupalli on Tuesday afternoon, and then proceeded on bicycles to enjoy the grand view of the Anicut.

We commenced our return journey at 8 A. M. on Wednesday, 19th October, five days after we had started. We reached Trivadi in time for our meal. I must here acknowledge our gratitude to Sri A. R. Subramanian, an Old Boy of our College and Sri Raman, hotel-proprietor, who extended to us a warm hospitality by treating us to cool drinks at Trivadi. In the evening we floated down the River assisted by a favourable current and reached our College shores at 7 P. M.

I must express our deep sense of gratitude to the Headmasters of the High Schools at Trivadi and Thirukattu-

THE CANOE CLUB.

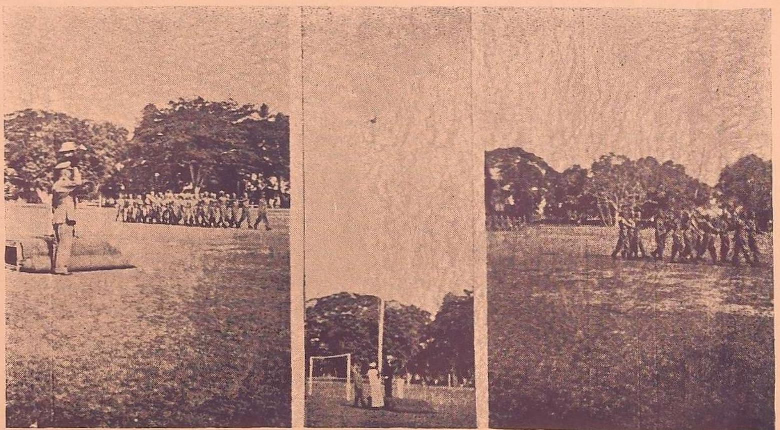




The College Main Gate

The Hon'ble
Sri M. Bhakthavatsalam and principal

* * * * * *



Independence Day Celebrations

1. Principal taking the salute 2. Principal hoisting the Flag
3. The March-Past

(by S. Jayaraman, II Class)

palli and the Principal, National College, Tiruchi, for having provided us with comfortable accommodation in the School and College buildings. I am thankful for the hearty co-operation of all the sailors and the able guidance of Sri Kalyanasundaram Pillai which were mainly responsible for the success of our pleasant Canoe Tour.

T. PAKKIRISAMY,
Captain, Canoe Club.

OUR EXCURSION

I cannot now recall precisely with whom among our women students the idea of going on an excursion to Chidambaram and the Annamalai University first originated; but it had been so much in the minds of all that the moment it was proposed, it set up quite a flutter in the women's waiting room; it was enthusiastically welcomed and loudly discussed; objections were anticipated and promptly answered. It met with the unqualified approbation of our Lady Tutor, Mrs. Janaki Gopalan Nair, and before the first flush of the excitement was over the idea was communicated to our Principal who welcomed it most wholeheartedly. His sympathy, however, did not blind him to a thousand difficulties which were in store for our young enthusiasts. Being the first venture of this type to be embarked upon by the women students of our College, it had to be carefully planned and no amount of precaution could have been deemed superfluous. He insisted that letters of consent from parents or guardians should be produced; that we should take with us only the minimum of money, dress and jewels. Meanwhile he was gracious enough to write to the Traffic Superintendent and the Railway Superintendent of Police for the comfortable accommodation and safe conduct of the excursionists.

Immediately Mrs. Gopalan Nair, the Captain-designate of this rebellious crew, summoned a Round Table Conference of all those who wanted to join the expedition. It served more to intensify our enthusiasm than to evolve a plan. There were whispers, chats and loud talks of various plans and methods to follow. It was anyway agreed that there was to be a slender purse for each girl and that the plan was to be chalked out on the basis of our moderate pooled resources.

We imagined travelling in a separate bogie all reserved for ourselves and the merry chats and the joyous songs that we were going to have in the train. The mere idea and planning and thinking about what we were going to do filled us with more joy than the real trip. We had planned a great deal but we finished simply.

On the 18th September, early in the morning, each girl was busy in arranging her small bag. Some of us who managed to get kodaks never expected that light would fail during the whole of the day. We arrived at the Railway Station in groups and we satisfied our-

selves more than once that no one was missing. We had no doubt that if one of the eighteen girls had not cared to join the party, our Tutor would have been so much put out that she would have cancelled the trip on the spot. So cordial and team-spirited she was that she gave us all enthusiasm in our united venture.

With Master Gopalan Nair, the five-year old captain of this fairy-band, and the ever-drowsing punka-puller Thankavelu, we awaited the arrival of the train which was, as usual, late. At last, after exhausting our patience, it steamed in and when we stood crowded, we were the object of much unwelcome attention. The two traffic constables who had arrived by the train on the request of our Principal led us into a separate compartment almost wholly reserved for us. The train steamed off and until we got down at Chidambaram we did not know how many stations we had passed *en route* or whether the train went slow or fast. The songs sung by some of our friends filled all our senses with joy and made us forget the weariness of the journey. The fun and frolic in our carriage had engrossed us so deeply that the traffic police had to come over to us to remind us that we had reached our destination.

Getting down, we numbered ourselves and our bags once again. We got into bullock-carts which went no doubt fast and reached the temple of Sri Nataraja in a short time. We rushed to the Sanctum Sanctorum and folded our hands and raised the voice of prayer in our hearts. The ancient temple of Lord Nataraja with the classic *Thandava pose* fills the heart with pious sentiments of love and devotion and its architectural splendour and sculptural beauty attract even the confirmed atheist. One of the most remarkable features of this temple is that within its walls there is only one spot from which its four massive *gopurams* can be seen at the same time. This spiritual metropolis of South India is attracting to it hundreds and thousands of Nandanars almost every day.

Leaving the portals of the main gate we whispered among ourselves and ventured in a body to enter into a hotel, the proprietor of which was stunned to find so many demanding meals. Thus after satisfying the hunger of the soul and the body, we started for the other temple— The Temple of Learning—on the other side of the Railway Station.

It was only when we pulled up in front of the University Office that we realized our folly in proposing to visit the University on a Sunday. But our stupefaction lasted only for a minute, for, thanks to the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar who had been informed of our visit by some friend just at the nick of the moment, arrangements had been made to keep open the Sastri Hall (named after one of its illustrious Vice-Chancellors, the Rt. Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri), the Library, the Botany and Zoology museums and the Music College. The Sastri Hall is the central part of a T-shaped, two-storeyed building which houses the University Office in one of its wings and the Library in the other. The Hall itself with its semi-circular and delicately-terraced seating arrangement and up-to-date contrivances

for lighting, fanning etc. is one of the structural marvels of South India and can comfortably accommodate more than 2000. The Library with its open-access system contains a large number of volumes for general reading and reference, and every earnest student of the University is legitimately proud of the facilities which it affords. We are very much obliged to Sri P. N. Rajakrishna Menon of the Zoology Department and Prof. Singh, Head of the Department of Botany, for explaining to us the many rare specimens assembled in the two department museums. The Music College was another centre of attraction. At the Ladies' Hostel we were warmly welcomed by Miss Bhageerathy Amma and her charming wards. We are deeply thankful to them for their touching kindness and generous hospitality. We could not help envying our sisters at the University for the splendid facilities provided to them both for study and recreation.

In the evening it was with great reluctance that we made ready to return to the station. At the station we were greeted by our Police escort with whose help we shoved ourselves into a separate compartment. The whole town seemed to be giving us a send-off when the train whistled and steamed off towards the south. We came back to our homes that night rather late but at any rate not feeling tired or worn out.

Our excursion was at once interesting and instructive, and for this our sincere thanks go first and foremost to our esteemed Principal who permitted this venture with kindness and arranged for our comfort and safety with almost providential care. We are also thankful to our Tutor without whom our excursion would have been confined to the land of dreams. Our hearts go out in thankfulness to the Vice-Chancellor and the Registrar of the University, to Sri Rajakrishna Menon and Prof. Singh, and the Warden and the inmates of the Ladies' Hostel for all their courtesy, kindness and hospitality.

This is the first occasion in the history of our College that such an expedition was planned and carried out. I feel that excursions of this type must be more frequently organized in every College, because it is only in this way we can supplement and humanize our bookish knowledge and broaden our outlook upon life by seeing a bit of the wide world outside.

Miss C. A. AMBUJA.

COLLEGE NOTES

Editorial :– Consequent on the retirement of Sri N. R. Kedari Rao, the editorial mantle has fallen on one who can lay very little claim to any substantial experience in the line. He feels humbled when he looks back on the splendid galaxy of luminaries the Collge Magazine has had to guide its course in the past. But with the varied experience and mellow wisdom of a Principal and the hearty co-operation of a team of advisers and student-assistants, he faces his task with confidence.

Changes in Staff :– Though there were some inevitable changes in the staff of the College this year caused by retirement, promotion or transfer, we are happy to record that no material dislocation of work took place since most of the appointments were completed before our classes were in full swing early in July. We offer our hearty congratulations to Sri V. S. Ramanujam, Assistant Lecturer in Physics and Sub-warden of the Victoria Jubilee Hostel, on his promotion as Lecturer in Physical Science, Teachers' College, Saidapet, and Sri R. Swaminathan, Tutor, who has recently taken his M. A. degree from the Nagpur University, as Assistant Lecturer in English, Government Arts College, Rajahmundry.

Early in July, Sri T. N. Bhima Rao, Lecturer in Mathematics, came to us in the place of Sri G. Ramachandra Ayyar, who has retired from service, and Sri V. Narayanaswami Ayyar, Lecturer in Economics and History, *vice* Dr. K. Kanakasabhapathy Pillai transferred to the Presidency College. It is a piece of good luck that the College and the College Magazine, in particular, have secured two teachers whose long record of good service extends over a quarter of a century. We offer them our hearty welcome.

In the Department of Logic and Psychology, the transfer of Sri P. Sankaranarayanan to the Government Arts College, Madras, has deprived us of the services of an experienced teacher and an efficient organizer of our Co-op. The services of Sri S. Varadachari were terminated, and Sri K. A. Sumitran and Sri Y. Madanagopal joined us.

In the Sanskrit Department, Sri R. N. Padmanabhan replaced Sri P. Seshadrinathan.

In the Mathematics Department, Sri K. Rajaratnam was appointed in the place of Sri S. Varadarajan as Tutor.

In the Physics Department Sri A. S. Ramanathan came to us from Anantapur in the place of Sri V. S. Ramanujam. In the place of Sri V. Natarajan, Demonstrator, on study leave, Sri S. Krishnamurthi came to us on transfer from the Government Arts College, Coimbatore.

In the Chemistry Department Sri K.R. Srinivasan was appointed Assistant Lecturer in the place of J. Venkataramana Rao, transferred to Cuddapah. Sri K. N. Balasubramanian, Janab Abdul Salam, Sri K. A. Srinivasan, Sri Francis Panakkal and Sri V. Sukumaran were appointed Demonstrators replacing Sri M. Krishnamurthi, Sri M. Narasimhan, Sri M. C. Srinivasan, Sri A. S. Krishnamurthi and Sri C. R. Srinivasan.

In the Natural Science Department, Sri A. Nagarajan was appointed Assistant Lecturer in the temporary post newly sanctioned. Sri K. Kesavan Nair was appointed Demonstrator replacing Sri S. Santanam.

We heartily welcome all the new members who have joined the Staff of the College.

Obituary :– We deeply regret to record the sad demise of Sri P. A Sitarama Ayyar, who was on the Staff of our College for over eight years. We offer our sincere condolences to the bereaved family.

॥ श्रीः ॥

॥ स्वागतपत्रिका ॥

स्वस्ति स्वागतमस्तु तत्रभवते विद्याकलामन्त्रिणे
श्रीमन्माधवमेन ! भारतमहीस्वाराज्यसंप्राप्तये ।
शक्तिं साधु निजां नियुज्य जनताविश्वासपात्रीभवन्
विद्यादापनमुख्यकर्मणि रतो राज्याधिकारे भवान् ॥ १ ॥

मान्यो माधवमेननित्यभिधया ख्यातोऽस्त्यमात्योत्तमो
मूर्तः प्रेमभरो हि संस्कृतगिरः श्रद्धां दधद्वर्धने ।
साह्यं नः कलयेत्तरामिति भवत्याश्वास एको महा-
नित्येवं खलु राजकीयकविना युष्मत्प्रथा गीयते ॥ २ ॥

दत्ताशीः प्रथमं जगद्गुरुवरश्रीशंकराचार्यकैः
कृत्वा स्वागतमद्य तत्रभवतां धन्यः समाजो भृशम् ।
दत्वा किं च सरस्वतीप्रियसुतश्रीकृष्णमाचार्यस-
चित्रं स्मारकचिह्नमेकमिह विद्यामन्दिरे सुन्दरे ॥ ३ ॥

भाषन्तेऽमरभारतीं बत मृतां ये तद्वचोवारिदै-
रस्तप्राय इवाधुना विजयते गीर्वाणवाणीविधुः ।
दैवं मानुषरूपदृश्यमवदल्लोकोपदेष्टा कवि-
रुद्गारोऽस्ति भवादृशैर्हि कृतिभिस्तत्संस्कृतस्याधुना ॥ ४ ॥

यावत्संस्कृतसंस्कृतिर्विजयते लोकस्य कोणेऽपि वा
तावद्राजति माधवस्य कृपया निश्चप्रचं संस्कृतम् ।
आवात्स्यायनतन्त्रमाश्रुतिशिरःसीमन्तमुच्चावचा
विद्या यत्र जयन्ति यन्निजगुणैः सर्वोत्तमं राजते ॥ ५ ॥

सूक्तः सन्नधिदेवताप्रमदकृद्यद्वर्ण एव स्वयं
यत्तस्मादघशोषणं त्वगणितश्रेयःपदप्रापणम् ।
सेव्यं संस्कृतमेव सर्ववचसां सन्त्यत्र षट् साक्षिणो
बाणक्ष्मापतिकालिदासभवभूतिव्यासवल्मीकजाः ॥ ६ ॥

WELCOME ADDRESS presented to the Hon'ble Sri K. Madhava Menon, B. A., B. L., Minister for Education and Law, Government of Madras, by the Samskrita Samajam on "ALL POETS' DAY" 16-1-1950 celebrated by it under the presidency of the Hon'ble Minister.

॥ श्रीः ॥

"इत्येवमाशास्महे"

By Mahamahopadesaka, Kavikokila, Vaiyakaranapanchanana, Panditharaja,
MAHAMAHOPADHYAYA, Sri **K. S. Krishnamurthi Sastrigal,**
(Poet-Laureate in Sanskrit to the Government of Madras)

स्वरूपज्ज्योतिर्या निधनरहिता वागिह परा
निजोपास्त्यासभ्यं ध्रुवममरभावं वितरति ।
विवर्तो यस्याश्च स्फुरति भुवि भाषासमुदयः
प्रसन्ना सा ब्राह्मी सुरसुरभिरुच्चैर्विजयताम् ॥ १ ॥

पुमर्थाश्चत्वारस्तदनुगुणमार्गा अपि शुभा
यया प्रख्यायन्ते निरुपममहिम्नि स्थितिजुषा ।
सुधामाधुर्याधःकरणनिपुणां तां सुरगिरं
परित्रातुं सर्वे वयमधिकृता हि प्रयतनैः ॥ २ ॥

अब्देऽस्मिन्नचिरादुपक्रमसभादिव्योत्सवं भाविनं
युष्माकञ्च कलालयेऽमरगिरस्संवर्धने जाग्रताम् ।
श्रुत्वा भूम नमश्शिवाय! मुदिता अध्यक्षहर्यक्ष!ते
भूयात्स्वस्तिरिमे वयं कुतुकिनस्स्मस्सन्निधातुं तदा ॥३॥

तथापि कार्यबाहुल्याद्दूरा सन्निदधीमहि ।
वागीश्वरपदाम्भोजभृङ्गास्सहृदया वयम् ॥ ४ ॥

शृङ्गारं यो व्यतानीन्निजकृतिषु रसं तुङ्गसाम्राज्यभाजं
ध्वन्यर्थैकप्रदीपान्मधुरिमजलधीञ्श्रव्यदृश्यप्रबन्धान् ।
वागीश्वर्यैव साक्षादिति भुवि महितो यस्सभैः
कालिदासो
गोपालस्तस्य भावं सदसि विशदयत्यात्मसारस्य
भूम्ना ॥ ५ ॥

रायंपेट्टै **कृष्णमाचार्य**शिष्यः
पूर्वं ह्यासीदेष विद्यालयेऽस्मिन् ।
गोपालय्यङ्गारनामाधुनासेन्ट्-
जोसफकालेज्संस्कृताचार्यमुख्यः ॥ ६ ॥

परवशयितुमीशोऽस्मादृशान्वाग्विलासै-
रमृतमधरयद्भिर्विद्वदग्रेसरोऽयम् ।
तपनदुहितृतीरे वंशकृत्येऽनुरक्तं
सुरभिभिरभिगम्यं स्मारयञ्ज्योतिरेकम् ॥ ७ ॥

त्रिशिरःपुरवास्तव्यमेम्मेबिरुदभूषितम् ।
गोपालमव्याद्वाग्देवी प्रसन्ना वैष्णवोत्तमम् ॥ ८ ॥
महामहोपाध्यायश्रीकृष्णमाचार्यसूनवे ।
पार्थसारथये स्वस्ति संस्कृतप्रेमरूपिणे ॥ ९ ॥

भवन्तः प्रतिकूलेऽस्मिन् काले संस्कृतमातरम् ।
यतन्तामर्भकास्त्रातुं भारतस्य च गौरवम् ॥ १० ॥

मान्यो **माधवमेनन**नित्यभिधया ख्यातोऽस्त्यमात्योत्तमो
मूर्तः प्रेमभरो हि संस्कृतगिरः श्रद्धां दधद्वर्धने ।
साहाय्यं नः कलयेत्तरामिति भवत्याश्वास एको महान्
**युष्माकं परिषज्जयत्वतितरामित्येवमा-
शास्महे** ॥ ११ ॥

॥ श्रीः ॥

"परमेश केशव रमेश पाहि माम्"

By Sri R. N. Padmanabhan, B. A. (Hons.), L. T.

सुखशायिधातृमुखशायिनीं त्रयी-
    मपहृत्य यातमपहत्य दानवम् ।
विधये नमः सुनिधये ददाथतां
    सविसारमूर्तिरुरुसार पाहि माम् ॥ १ ॥

श्रममन्तरेण समभद्रिकाननै-
    र्विपुलामनन्तविपुलात्मकर्परे ।
वहतोऽहमीश महतो महीयसः
    कुहनासुकूर्ममहनां करोमि ते ॥ २ ॥

तरसाहृता बत रसा रसातले
    निहितासुरेण विहिताजिता त्वया
सुखसूदितारिमखसूकरात्मना
    विनिवेशिताप्सु सुनिवेद्य सा पुनः ॥ ३ ॥

तनयं प्रभूतविनयं प्रमापय-
    न्नविधेयमीश सुविधेयमेव ते ।
सुखैर्विदार्य नखैर्हतस्त्वया
    खरजिह्मदंष्ट्र नरसिंह दैत्यराट् ॥ ४ ॥

स्वयमेत्य नाथ हयमेधमर्थितो
    भवता बलिस्तमवता पदत्रयम् ।
द्विषतां विजित्य मिषतां जगत्त्रयं
    छलखर्व सर्वबलिगर्वमक्षणीः ॥ ५ ॥

भुजजातजातभुजजातदुर्मदं
    सहसा कुठारमहसा विनिघ्नतः ।
अतिविंशवारमतिवीर ते मना-
    गयि जामदग्न्य मयि जायतां दया ॥ ६ ॥

अहिनाथ देव तुहिनाचलद्युते
    बलभद्र देहि बलभद्रमाशु मे ।
खलदार्ययोग्रहलधारिपाणये
    तनवै नमांसि मनवै च ते पदम् ॥ ७ ॥

दशकण्ठभीतदशलोकपालक-
    नवितुं समेत्य भुवितुङ्गविक्रमः ।
दशकन्धराय दशमीं दशां दिशं-
    श्चिरमाप्तकाम परमाव राम माम् ॥ ८ ॥

विधिना दयांबुनिधिना पुरार्थितो
    वसुदेवधाम्नि वसुदेवगुप्तये ।
अवतीर्य भारमवतार्य च क्षितेः
    सुचिरं रमेश रुचिरं हि रेमिषे ॥ ९ ॥

अतिवर्धिते जगति वर्णसंकरे
    विहतेषु वेदविहितेषु कर्मसु ।
परपापभूपकरबाधितं जग-
    न्ननुभासि कल्किततनुभाक्पुराविनुम् ॥१०॥

इति विश्वमेतदतिविप्लुतं खलैः
    परिपातुमार्तपरिपालनव्रती ।
सुरभूमिवारिचरभूमिकाधरः
    परमेश केशव रमेश पाहि माम् ॥११॥

॥ श्रीः ॥

॥ उडुपीश्रीकृष्णस्तवः ॥

By Sarasakavi **R. Appannachar**, B. A., B. T. (Old Boy.)

श्रीकृष्ण ! बाल ! घननील ! मनोहराङ्ग !
श्रीमध्वहस्तकमलार्चितपादपद्म ! ।
धन्योऽहमद्य तव दर्शनसंपदैव
मुग्धो मुदाऽस्मि कतमं वरमर्थये त्वाम् ॥ १ ॥

मन्ये भवाब्धिमथनाय तवास्ति मन्था
पाशश्च ते भवति भक्तसखित्वपाद्यः ।
बालोऽपि सर्वजगतां जनकस्त्वमेव
जानन्ति धाम न हि ते श्रुतयोऽपि नूनम् ॥२॥

श्रीरौप्यपीठपुरराजिमणिप्रदीप !
नित्यप्रमोदमयपत्तनमार्गदर्शी ।
संसारसागरकठोरमहोर्मिमध्ये
प्रम्लायतामपरपारमपश्यतां नः ॥ ३ ॥

अज्ञोऽस्मि भक्तिरहितोऽस्मि न पुण्यकर्मा
किं भाषणेन बहुनाहममुक्तियोग्यः ।
कर्तुं जगत्तिरयितुं च विशृङ्खलस्य
किं ते भवेन्मम समुद्धरणेऽन्तरायः ॥ ४ ॥

क्षेत्रेऽत्र कृष्ण पदपद्मनिषेवणं ते
आनन्दतीर्थवरतीर्थनिमज्जनं च ।
त्रैलोक्यदुर्लभमिति प्रवदन्ति यस्मा-
दानन्दमन्दममृतप्लवनादिवास्मि ॥ ५ ॥

आश्रित्य ते चरणपङ्कजमद्वितीयं
को वा निवर्तत इति श्रुतयो वदन्ति ।
तस्मान्न मे यदि भवेद्भवहानिरद्धा
सेयं श्रुतिश्च वितथा वितथोऽपि च त्वम् ॥६॥

बालोऽपि कृष्ण यदसि स्थितिदण्डधारी
स्वप्नेऽप्यभूः शकटरूपिसुरारिकालः ।
को वा जगत्त्रयपतेस्तव तत्त्ववेत्ता
संसारदैत्यमुपसंहर सत्वरं मे ॥ ७ ॥

श्रीकृष्ण तावकनिरन्तगुणौघपूर्ण-
सन्मानसे परमहंस इति प्रतीत ।
अज्ञानतामसमपाकुरु तेजसा ते
ज्ञानं प्रदीप्य शिवतातितमं प्रदीपम् ॥ ८ ॥

देवेन्द्रमौलिमणिमण्डितपादपीठ
पूर्णेन्दुवक्त्र शरणं शतपत्रनेत्र ।
मोक्षाद्यभीष्टकलनक्षमकल्पवृक्ष
रक्षःप्रशिक्षणविचक्षणरूक्षरूप ॥ ९ ॥

क्षीराब्धिवासभवने कमलाकलत्रो
यः शेषभोगशयने मधुरं शयानः ।
कृष्णः पयोद इव चारुसमुद्रमध्ये
तोयं पिबन्विजयसे स भुवो विभूत्यै ॥ १० ॥

सुरवरकरपूरैः पूजितः पुष्पभारै-
र्भवभयभरभेदी दुष्टदण्डेऽप्रमादी ।
कनकमुकुमनीयः पीतवस्त्रोऽप्रमेयो
जलजविजयिनेत्रः पातु नः श्यामगात्रः ॥ ११ ॥

इतीव देवकीसुतप्रसादकाङ्क्षिणा मया ।
प्रशस्तिपत्रिकार्पिता तदङ्घ्रिवारिजन्मनोः ॥ १२ ॥

ATHLETIC NOTES

The election of the captains and vice-captains for the various games and the members of the Athletic Council was held in July. The following is the list of captains and vice-captains for the various games for the year **1949–50**:-

GAME.	CAPTAIN.	VICE-CAPTAIN.
Football	K. Ranganathan, IV B. SC.	T. V. Kochet, III B. SC.
Hockey	G. S. Thomas, II IMP/T.	A. Dasaratharaman, IV B. A.
Basketball	E. S. Ramamurthi, II PCN/T	S. Venkataraman, III B. A.
Volley ball	S. Krishnamurthi, IV B. SC.	V. Venkataramani, III B. A.
Badminton	K. Mappilayan, IV B. A.	M. Abdul Khader, IV B. A.
Ring Tennis	T. V. Srinivasan, II MPC/S	K. Venugopalan, II ILP/S
Tennis	K. Ramachandran, IV B. SC.	K. Ramachandran, III B. A.
Canoe	T. Pakkirisami, IV B. A.	G Kannian, IV B. SC. & S. Ramalingam, IV B. A.
Cricket	A. Subramanian, IV B. SC.	K. Venkataraman, IV B. A.
Gymnasium	M. G. Venkatachalapathy, II ILP/T	A. R. Ramayyan, II PCN/T
Athletics	G. A. Christie, IV B. SC.	A. Shaik Hussain, II IMP/T

LADIES.

Badminton (Shuttle cock)	Miss C. Shineamma, III B. SC.	Miss B. Subhadra, II MPC/S
Ring Tennis	,, J. Anjelina, II PCN/T	,, S. Sakuntala, II MPC/T
Table-Tennis	,, S. Janaki, II PCN/T	,, V Saroji, II ILP/T

The following are the student members of the Athletic Council:—

1. G. A. Christie, IV B. SC.
2. A. Subramanian, IV B. SC.
3. K. Ramachandran, IV B. SC.
4. K. Ranganathan, IV B. SC.

As usual this year began with a series of cricket matches both among the members of the College and with visiting clubs and colleges. The visitors who played cricket with our College are:- H. H. The Rajah's College, Pudukkottah, Government Arts College, Mangalore, The Mayavaram Cricket Club & The Rajah's Cricket Club, Sivaganga. During the Deepavali Holidays our Cricket and Tennis teams went on a tour to Madura and Trivandrum and played a series of matches. Though our cricket team was not strong in the beginning of the year, by a regular and systematic practice and by playing a number of practice matches they improved considerably and were able to put up a good show in the tour to Trivandrum by winning in both the matches at Trivandrum. Out of the total of four matches played during the tour, our College lost in one, drew in one and won in two.

In Football, Volley ball, Basketball and other games a number of matches were played both with the local Town team and with the Old Boys of our College. In the Inter-Collegiate Tourna-

ments, our college lost to St. Joseph's in Football, Basketball, Cricket and Tennis.

The Inter-House Tournaments have commenced and it is hoped that most of the matches will be over before the commencement of the Christmas Holidays. It is proposed to hold Inter-House Athletic competitions during the month of November in order to give training for the competitors and to select members for the Inter-Collegiate and Annual Sports.

Canoe Club:—

The number of members in the Canoe Club this year is 138 including members from the staff. The Club has been more active this year than it was. The members of the Club went on a number of short tours up to Swamimalai and Kapisthalam even during the months of August and September. But no new boats could be constructed and even proper repairs to old boats could not be done as materials like iron sheets and rods were not available in spite of our repeated efforts to secure the same through the Controller of Commodities, Madras. Until materials are available it is feared the activities of the Club will have to be suspended.

The Thirtieth Annual Regatta was held on Wednesday, 12th October 1949, when Sri V. Sundararaman, M. A., B. L., was pleased to preside and distribute prizes to the winners and runners-up in the various items of the competition. The list of prize-winners is given below:—

ROWING SIXES

Winners	Runners-up
G. Kannian, IV B.SC.	S. Ramalingam, IV B. A.
A. Dasarathraman, IV B. A.	P. Rajamanickam, III B. A.
V. Narasimhan, IV B. A.	R. Kumaraswami, IV B. SC.
V. Ramamoorthy, III B. SC.	T. V. Srinivasan, II. U. C.
S. Kothandapani, III B. SC.	S. Srinivasan, IV B. A.
S. Nagarathnam, III B. SC.	S. Uthirapathy, IV B. A.

ROWING FOURS

T. Pakkirisami, IV B. A.	V. Kunchithapatham, IV B. A.
S. Umapathy, IV B. SC.	V. Guruswamy, III B. SC.
M. Muruganathan, III B. SC.	M. S. Ramachandran, II U. C.
T. V. Srinivasan, II U. C.	R. Srinivasa Rao, III B. SC.

PADDLING FOURS

K. Seshadri, III B. SC.	T. S. Sattanathan, III B. SC.
N. Srinivasan, II U. C.	N. Maruthanayagam, II U. C.
M. Manickam, II U. C.	S. Natarajan, III B. SC.
V. Janakiraman, II U. C.	S. Rathinapandian, II U. C.

ROWING FOURS

Staff	Students
Sri L. Rajagopalan	C. Veerarajalu, IV B. A.
,, V. Ramakrishnan	K. Mappilayan, IV B. A.
,, K. Kalyanasundaram	G. Ramayyan IV B. SC.
,, S. Krishnaswamy	N. Dakshinamurthy IV B. SC.

SWIMMING		DIVING	
K. Vasudevan, III B. A.	First	M. Doraiswami, I U. C.	First
V. Guruswamy, III B. SC.	Second	V. Narasimhan, IV B. SC.	2nd
V. Krishnamurthy, II U. C.	Third	N. Krishnamurthy, II U. C.	2nd

Twenty-seven members of the Canoe Club led by Sri S. Kalyanasundaram Pillai, Physical Training Instructor, went on a five days' tour up the River Cauvery during the Deepavali Holidays. They rowed up the River as far as Tirukkattupalli. During the course of their tour they halted in places like Tiruvadi and Tirukkattupalli and played matches in some of the games. The members of the party keenly enjoyed the tour. We are grateful to the following gentlemen who extended their hospitality to the members of the Canoe Tour:— Sri R. Govindaswami Moopanar of Kapisthalam, the Headmasters of Umayalpuram Middle School, Srinivasa High School, Tiruvadi and Sri P. Sivaswami Ayyar's High School, Tirukkattupalli, Sri K. Madhava Rao of Koiladi and the Principal of The National College, Tiruchirapalli. The details of the Canoe Tour and the Cricket Tour appear elsewhere in this issue.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS FOR ACADEMIC STUDIES, 1948-49

(1) ENDOWED PRIZES

No.	Name of Prize.	Name & Class of winner.
	Beauchamp & Mooppanar Prizes:	
1.	For English Composition.	V. Natarajan, IV B. A. iv-b/T.
2.	For Mathematics.	K. Ramamurthi, IV B.Sc-M
3.	For Physics.	K. Nagarajan, IV B.Sc-P.
4.	For History & Economics.	*S. Subbalakshmi*, IV B. A. iv-b/T
5.	Sri Kandaswami Mooppanar Tamil Prize.	V. Sundaramurthy, IV B. A. v (b)/T.
6.	Sri A. Subrahmanya Ayyar Chemistry Gold Medal.	S. Venugopalan, IV B.Sc-C.
7.	Morris Essay Prize.	*None Eligible*
8.	Prof. K. Sundararama Ayyar Prize for History.	S. Srinivasan, B. A. (1948)
9.	A. C. Pranatharthihara Ayyar Prize for Mathematics.	V. Ramani, B. Sc. (1948)
10.	Sir A. Seshayya Sastri Silver Medal for Mathematics.	R. Rangarajan, III B. Sc-M
11.	Seshammal Sanskrit Prize.	R. Rangarajan, III B.Sc-M.
12.	Porter Sanskrit Prize: B. A.	K. Narayanan, B. A. (1948)
13.	do (Senior)	R. Viswanathan, III B A iv-b/T
14.	do (Junior)	I. Venkataraman, I M P c/s.

15.	Mahamahopadhyaya Pandit Ranga-chariar Sanskrit Prize: (Senior)	S. Aravamudan, IV B.A. iv-b/s.
16.	do (Junior)	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, II M P c/s.
17.	Rao Bahadur N. Krishnaswami Ayyangar Gold Medal.	*S. Subbalakshmi*, IV. B. A. iv-b/T.
18.	J. M. Hensman Silver Medal.	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, II MPC./T
19.	The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri English Oratorical Contest Gold Medal	S. Sivasubrahmanyan, St. Joseph's College, Tiruchirapalli
20.	Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. U.V. Swaminatha Ayyar, Tamil Oratorical Contest Gold Medal.	M. Tajuddin, Govt. College, Kumbakonam.
21.	Rao Bahadur A. Rangaswami Ayyangar Best Character Gold Medal (Seniors)	K. Raman, IV B. sc-P.
22.	Rao Bahadur A. Rangaswami Ayyangar Best Character Silver Medal (Juniors)	K. Venkaji, II P C N/s.

(2) COLLEGE COMPETITIONS

23.	College English Elocution Contest (Seniors) I Prize.	G. Rangratnam, III B Sc-c.
24.	do II Prize.	E. V. Sowrirajan, IV B. sc.-P. T. R. Parthasarathi, IV B A. iv b/s.
25.	do (Juniors) I Prize.	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, II MPc/s.
26.	do II Prize.	R. Krishnamurthi, II M P c/T,
27.	College Tamil Elocution Contest (Seniors) I Prize.	M. Tajuddin, III B.A. v-b/T.
28.	do II Prize.	S. Kasilingam, IV B.A. iv-b/T.
29.	do (Juniors) I Prize.	B. Manickavasagam, I M P C/T.
30.	do II Prize.	T. P. Ganesan, II M P c/T. V. Govindarajan, I.
31.	Best Paper read before the College Union. (Seniors) I Prize.	E. V. Sowrirajan, IV B. Sc-P.
32.	do (Juniors) I Prize.	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, II MPC/
33.	do English Association. (Seniors) I Prize.	K. Balakrishnan, III B.sc-c.
34.	do do (Juniors) I Prize.	*K. V. Baladevi*, I M P c/s.
35.	do Tamil Peravai. (Seniors) I Prize.	J. M. Hussain, III B.A. v-b/T.
36.	do do (Juniors) I Prize.	M. Sivaprakasam, II P C N/T
	II Prize.	T. P. Ganesan, II P C N/T.
37.	do Samskrita Samajam. (Seniors) I Prize.	P. C. Ranganathan, III B. A. iv-b/T.
38.	do do (Juniors) I Prize.	*K. V. Baladevi*, I M P c/s.
39.	do Mathematics & Science Assn. (Seniors) I Prize.	R. Seshagiri Rao, IV B. sc-P.
40.	do do II Prize.	R. Jayaraman, IV B. sc-P.
41.	do do (Juniors) I Prize.	R. Panchapakesan, II M P c/s.

42. do History & Economics Assn. (Seniors) I Prize. J. M. Hussain, III v. b/T.
43. II Prize. B. H. S. Christopher, IV iv-b/T.
44. do do (Juniors) I Prize. R. Kalyanaraman, II IMP/S.
45. do Social Service League. (Seniors) I Prize. R. Kannan, IV BSC-C. V. Narayanan, III BSC-M.
46. II Prize. G. Rangaratnam, III B. SC-C.

47 Co-operative Essay Prize. (Seniors) I Prize. J. M. Hussain, III v. b/T.
48. II Prize. C. Veerarajalu, III iv-b/T.
49. do (Juniors) I Prize. R. Kalyanaraman, II IMP/S.

50. For Service in Adult Night School. I Prize. S. Nagarajan, IV BSC-P.
51. II Prize. A. Kuppuswami, III BSC-C.
52. III Prize. N. Vaidyanathan, I MPC/S.

(3) CLASS PROFICIENCY PRIZES.

53.	II Class	English.	G. Venkatachalam, MPC/S.
54.	do	Tamil.	T. P. Ganesan, MPC/T.
55.	do	Sanskrit.	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, MPC/S.
56.	do	Mathematics.	K. S. Srinivasaraghavan, MPC/S.
57.	do	Physics.	T. P. Ganesan, MPC/T.
58.	do	Chemistry.	M. Santhanagopalakrishnan, MPC/S.
59.	do	Natural Science.	*C. Sulochana.* PCN/T.
60.	do	Psychology.	*None eligible.*
61.	do	Logic.	
62.	do	Modern History.	
63.	do	Indian History.	
64.	IV B. Sc.	Mathematics Main.	*None eligible.*
65.	do	Mathematics Subsidiary.	S. Ramaswami, IV BSC-C.
66.	do	Physics Main.	*None eligible.*
67.	do	do Subsidiary	S. Ramaswami, IV BSC-C.
68.	do	Chemistry Main.	S. Venugopalan, IV BSC-C.
69.	do	do Subsidiary.	M. S. Jayaraman, IV BSC-P.
70.	IV B. A.	English.	*None eligible.*
71.	do	Tamil Part II	
72.	do	Sanskrit Part II	
73.	do	Economics.	
74.	do	Tamil Part III	

(4) OTHER PRIZES.

75. Histrionic Abilities. I Prize. S. Vedantam, II MPC/S.
76. II Prize. K. Narayanan, III iv-b/T.

77.		III Prize.	{ A. R. Subrahmanyan, IV iv-b/T. V. Gopalan, IV B. Sc-M.
78.	Fancy Dress Competition.	I Prize.	K. S. Rengachari I MPC/S.
79.		II Prize.	G. Veeraperumal, II ILP/T.
80.		III Prize.	{ C. Veerarajalu, III B.A. IV. b/T. S. Ramalingam. do
81.	Music Competition	I Prize.	P. V. Ramachandran, II MPC/S.
82.		II Prize.	*Miss V. Saroji*, I IMP/T.
83.		III Prize.	N. Rajamanickam, II IMP/T

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10	1	15	Pakinese	Pekinese
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18	2	16	philosophies	philosophy
24	—	11	வார்க்கில்லைத்	வாற்கில்லென்ப
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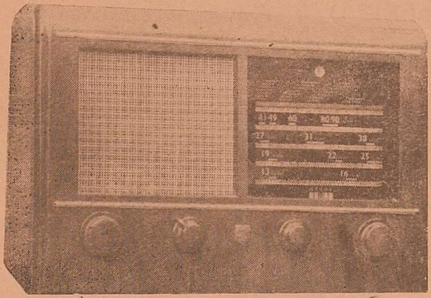

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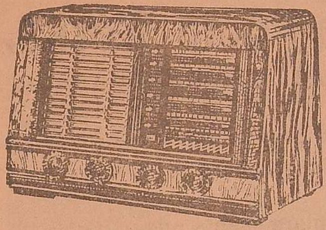

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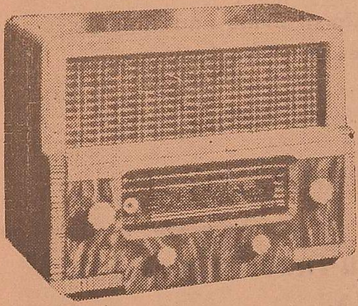

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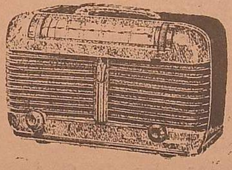

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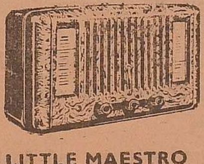

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ஜவுளி வியாபாரம் = பெரிய தெரு, கும்பகோணம்.

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AND

Bangalore Woollen, Cotton & Silk Mills.

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எங்களிடம் பேவர்-லூபா, ஆங்ளோ ஸ்விஸ், அஸோஸி
யேடட் வாட்ச் கம்பெனி, ஸைமா வாட்சுகளும்
கடிகாரங்களும் டைம்பீஸ்களும்
கிடைக்கும்.

நம்பிக்கையுடனும் உத்திரவாதத்துடனும் கடிகாரங்கள்
ரிப்பேர் செய்து கொடுக்கப்படும்.

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